

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A

P O E M,

I N

F O U R B O O K S.

To which is added

S A M S O N A G O N I S T E S:

A N D

P O E M S upon S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

The A U T H O R

J O H N M I L T O N.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N,

With N O T E S of various A U T H O R S,

By T H O M A S N E W T O N, D. D.

V O L U M E *the* S E C O N D.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson and S. Draper; and for
T. Longman, S. Birt, C. Hitch, R. Ware, J. Hodges,
C. Corbet, J. Brindley, and J. Ward.

M D C C L I I I.

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P O E M S

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P O E M S
U P O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Compos'd at several times,

B Y

Mr. *J O H N M I L T O N*.

— Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virgil, Eclog. 7.

To

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To the first edition of the author's poems printed in
1645 was prefixed the following advertisement of

The STATIONER to the READER.

IT is not any private respect of gain, gentle Reader, for the slightest pamphlet is now adays more vendible than the works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honor and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academics, both domestic and foreign; and amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled'd attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to

solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

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POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.

I.

A N N O Æ T A T I S 17.

On the death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough.

I.

O Fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

For

This elegy was not inserted in the first edition of the author's poems printed in 1645, but was added in the second edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In some editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough*: but the sequel shows plainly that the child was not a nephew, but a niece, and consequently a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

6. ——— *thought to kiss,*
But kill'd, alas, &c] Copied probably from this verse in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*,

He thought to kiss him, and
hath kill'd him so.

B 2

8. For

4 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. I.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 19
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infâmous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far;
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair bidding place.
 Yet

8. *For since grim Aquilo &c*] Boreas or Aquilo carried off by force Orithyia daughter of Eretheus king of Athens. Ovid. Met. VI. Fab. 9. Milton hath invented this fine fable of Winter's rape upon his sister's daughter, on the same grounds as that of Boreas on the daughter of Eretheus, whom he ravish'd as she cross'd over the river Ilysius (as Apollodorus says

lib. 3.) that is, she was drown'd in a high wind crossing that river.

Richardson.

12. — *th' infâmous blot*

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, &c] The author probably pronounced *infamous* with the middle syllable long as it is in Latin. *Eld* is old age, a word used in innumerable places of Spenser and our old writers. And in saying

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine. 35
 Resolve

ing that *long-uncoupled bed and child-
 less eld was held a reproach among
 the wanton Gods*, the poet seems to
 allude particularly to the case of
 Pluto, as reported by Claudian. *De
 Rapt. Prof. l. 32.*

Dux Erebi quondam tumidas ex-
 arsit in iras
 Prælia moturus superis, quod so-
 lus egeret

Connubii, sterileſque diu conſu-
 meret annos,
 Impatiens neſcire torum, nullas-
 que mariti
 Illecebras, nec dulce patris cog-
 noſcere nomen.

23. *For ſo Apollo, &c*] Apollo
 ſlew Hyacinthus by accident play-
 ing at quoits, and afterwards
 changed him into a flower of the
 ſame
 B 3

6 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. I.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
 Of

same name. The reader may see the story in Ovid. Met. X. Fab. 6.

39. — *that high first-moving sphere,*] The primum mobile, *that first mov'd* as he calls it Paradise Lost. III. 483. where see the note.

44. — *didst fall;*] This is somewhat inaccurate in all the editions. Grammar and syntax require *did fall*.

47. *Or did of late earth's sons* &c.] For when the giants invaded Heaven, the demies fled and con-

cealed themselves in various shapes. See Ovid. Met. V. 319. &c.

49. — *nectar'd head?*] As in Lycidas ver. 175.

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves.

50. — *that just Maid*] Astræa or the Goddess of justice, who offended with the crimes of men forsook the earth. Ovid. Met. I. 150.

Ultima cœlestium terras Astræa reliquit.

53. — *that sweet smiling Youth?*] At first I imagin'd that the author meant

Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth? 54

Or any other of that heav'nly brood [good?
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,

And

meant *Hebe*, in Latin *Juventa*, or *Youth*. And Mr. Jortin communicated the following note. "A word of two syllables is wanting to fill up the measure of the verse. It is easy to find such a word, but impossible to determin what word Milton would have inserted. He uses *Youth* in the feminine gender, as the Latins sometimes use *juvenis*, and by this *fair youth* he probably means the Goddess *Hebe*, who was also called *Juventas* or *Juventa*." But others have proposed to fill up the verse thus,

Or wert thou *Mercy* that sweet smiling youth?

For *Mercy* is often join'd with *Justice* and *Truth*, as in the Hymn on the Nativity. St. 15.

Yea *Truth* and *Justice* then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like
glories wearing
Mercy will sit between &c.

And *Mercy* is not unfitly represented as a *sweet smiling youth*, this age being the most susceptible of the tender passions.

8 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. I.

And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
 As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
 To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart? 69
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent; 75
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give, [live.
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to
 Anno

68. *Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,*] It should be noted that at this time there was a great plague in London, which gives a peculiar propriety to this whole stanza.

II.

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

HA I L native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task :
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee : 10
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
 For this same small neglect that I have made :
 But

These verses were made in 1627, in the edition of 1645, but were that being the 19th year of the first added in the edition of 1673. author's age; and they were not

10 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II.

But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight, 20
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;
 And weary of their place do only stay 25
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:

Such

29. *Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse, Thy service in some graver subject use, &c*] It appears by this address of Milton's to his native language, that even in these green years he had the ambition to think of writing an epic poem; and it is worth the curious reader's attention to observe how much the Paradise Lost corresponds in its circumstances to the prophetic wish he now form'd. *Thyer.*

36. — *the thunderous throne*] Should it not be *the thunderer's*?

Jortin.

I think I have seen the word *thunderous* in other old authors, though I cannot recollect the particular passages.

37. — *unshorn Apollo*] An epithet by which he is distinguish'd in the Greek and Latin poets. Pindar Pyth. III. 26. ἀκέρσενομα. Φοῖβος. Hor. Od. I. XXI. 2.

Intonsum

Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity 35
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air next under, 41
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told

In

Intonsum pueri dicite Cynthium.

41. *And misty regions of wide air
 next under,*

*And hills of snow and lofts of piled
 thunder,]* So Tasso describes
 the descent of Michael. Cant. 9.
 St. 61.

Vien poi da campi lieti, e fiam-
 meggianti
 D'eterno dì là, donde tuona, e
 piove :

The fields he passed then, whence
 hail and snow,

Thunder and rain fall down from
 clouds above. Fairfax.

48. *Such as the wise Demodocus
 &c]* Alluding to the eighth book
 of the *Odyssey*, where Alcinous
 entertains Ulysses, and the cele-
 brated musician and poet Demo-
 docus sings the loves of Mars and
 Venus, and the destruction of Troy;
 and

12 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II.

In solemn songs at king Alcinous feast,
 While sad Ulysses foul and all the rest 50
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments
 his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance
 with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
 The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth; 60
 Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.

She

and Ulysses and the rest are affected
 in the manner here describ'd.

56. —of thy predicament:] What

the Greeks called a *category*, Boë-
 thius first named a *predicament*: and
 if the reader is acquainted with Ari-
 stotle's

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II. 13

She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible: 66

Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage, 70

And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.

O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75

Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;

Yet

stotle's Categories, or Burgerfidius, plain'd to him; and it cannot well
or any of the old logicians, he will be explain'd to him, if he is unac-
not want what follows to be ex- quainted with that kind of logic.

91. *Rivers*

14 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II.

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar :
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90
 The

91. *Rivers arise; &c.*] In invoking these rivers Milton had his eye particularly upon that admirable episode in Spenser of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, where the several rivers are introduc'd in honor of the ceremony. Faery Queen B. 4. Cant. 11. *Of utmost Tweed; so Spenser St. 36.*

And *Twede* the limit betwixt Lo-
 gris land
 And Albany —

Or *Ouse*, either that in Yorkshire, or that in Cambridgeshire, both mention'd by Spenser. Or *gulphy Dun*, I find not in Spenser, but suppose the *Don* is meant from whence *Doncaster* has its name; and Camden's account of this river shows the propriety of the epithet *gulphy*. "Danus, commonly Don and "Dune, seems to be so call'd, because it is carried in a *low deep* "channel; for that is the signifi- "cation of the British word *Dan*." See Camden's Yorkshire. Or *Trent*,

who like some earth-born giant &c. This description is much nobler than Spenser's St. 35.

And bounteous *Trent*, that in
 himself enseams
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and
 thirty sundry streams.

The name is of Saxon original, but (as Camden observes in his Staffordshire.) "some ignorant "and idle pretenders imagine the "name to be derived from the "French word *Trente*, and upon "that account have feign'd thirty "rivers running into it, and like- "wise so many kinds of fish swim- "ming in it." However this notion might very well be adopted in poetry. Or *fullen Mole* &c. So Spenser St. 32.

And *Mole*, that like a nousling
 mole doth make
 His way still under ground, till
 Thamis he o'ertake.

See the same account in Camden's
 Surry.

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then
Relation was call'd by his name.

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,

Or

Surry. Or *Severn* swift &c. We shall have a fuller account of this in the *Mask*. Or *rocky Avon*, Spenser more largely St. 31.

But *Avon* marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants, with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath
And Bristow fair, which on his waves he builded hath.

Or *sedgy Lee*, this river divides Middlesex and Essex. Spenser thus describes it, St. 29.

The wanton *Lee* that oft doth lose his way.

Or *coaly Tine*, Spenser describes it by the *Picts Wall*. St. 36. Or *ancient hallow'd Dee*; so Spenser St. 39.

And following *Dee*, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend.

See *Lycidas* too ver. 55. Or *Humber* loud &c. So Spenser speaks of this Scythian king, and of his being drown'd in the river, St. 38.

And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retain,
Oft tossed with his storms, which therein still remain.

And the *Medway* and the *Thame* are join'd together, as they are married in Spenser. I wonder that Milton has paid no particular compliment to the river flowing by Cambridge (this exercise being made and spoken there) as Spenser has done St. 34.

Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crown
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

To

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

Or fullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of fedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame. 100

[The rest was prose.]

III.

On the MORNING of CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

* Compos'd 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That

* To the title of this Ode we have added the date, which is prefixed in the edition of 1645, *Compos'd* 1629, so that Milton was then 21 years old. He speaks of this poem in the conclusion of his sixth exercise V

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wisards haste with odors sweet:

O

sixth elegy to Charles Deodati: is not only great learning shown
 and it was probably made as an in it, but likewise a fine vein of
 exercise at Cambridge; and there poetry.

18 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet; 25
 Have thou the honor first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The H Y M N.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle air

To

28. *From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.*] Alluding to Isaiah VI. 6, 7. *Then flew one of the Seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar. And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.* In his Reason of Church Government our author has another beautiful allusion to the same passage, which we quoted in a note upon the Paradise Lost I. 17. — “ that eternal Spirit “ who can enrich with all utter-
 “ ance

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III. 19

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,

The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;

She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battel's sound
Was heard the world around:

The

"ance and knowledge, and sends
"out his Seraphim, with the hal-
"low'd fire of his altar, to touch
"and purify the lips of whom he
"pleases." As Mr. Pope's Mes-
siah is formed upon passages taken
from the prophet Isaiah, he very
properly invokes the same divine
Spirit.

— O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd
lips with fire.

52. *She strikes an universal peace*
The expression is a little inaccurate,
Peace to strike a *peace*: but other-
wise it is classical, *fœdus ferire*.

C 2

64. *The*

20 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist, 65

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, 70
Bending one way their precious influence,

And

64. *The winds with wonder whist*] and in Shakespear, *Tempest*, Act 1.
Whist, silenc'd, as in Spenser, *Faery* Sc. 5. Ariel's song.

Queen B. 7. Cant. 7. St. 59.

The wild waves *whist*.

So was the Titans put down
and *whist*: It is commonly used as an inter-
jection commanding silence. And
hence

hence,
hath its
and att

86.
Ere wi

And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferior flame

The new inlighten'd world no more should need ;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could
 bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;

Full

hence, I suppose, the game of *Whist* hath its name, as it requires silence and attention.

changed into *or* ; and there are frequent instances of it not only in all our old writers, but likewise in the English translation of the Bible.

86. Or *e'er the point of dawn.*]
Ere with *e'er* or *ever* following is

22 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS, III.

Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air such pleasure loath to lose, 99
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly
/ close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won

To

103. — *the aery region thrilling,*] Piercing the air. So in
Spenser, Faery Queen B. 1. Cant.
3. St. 42.

With *thrilling* point of deadly
iron brand :
and Cant. 6. St. 6. *thrilling shrieks* :
and in other places.

116. With

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III. 23

To think her part was done, 105

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;

She knew such harmony alone

Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their fight

A globe of circular light, 110

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;

The helmed Cherubim,

And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,

Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115

With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great 120

His constellations set,

And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,

And

116. *With unexpressive notes*] Job XXXVIII. 7. *When the morning stars sang together, and all the*
See Lycidas ver. 176.

119. *But when of old the sons of* sons of God *shouted for joy.*
morning sung,] As we read in

24 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye crystal Spheres, 125
Once blefs our human ears,
 (If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full confort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold, 135
And speckled Vanity
Will ficken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itself will pass away, 139
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
Yea

131. *And with your ninefold harmony*] There being nine infolded spheres, as in Arcades ver. 64.

where see the note.

143. *Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing*

Mercy

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial sheen, 145
 With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,
 And Heav'n, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so, 150
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss;
 So both himself and us to glorify:
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, 155
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
 the deep,

With

Mercy will sit between,] The author thus corrected it in the edition of 1673: in the first edition of 1645 it was thus

Th' enamel'd Arras of the rainbow wearing;
 And Mercy set between, &c.

159. — and

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
 The aged earth aghast, 160
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
 throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,

Not

159. — *and smouldring clouds*]
 A word that I find neither in Ju-
 nius, nor Skinner, nor Bailey, but
 in Spenser and Fairfax. Faery
 Queen. B. 1. Cant. 8. St. 9.

Inroll'd in flames, and *smouldring*
 dreariment:

B. 2. Cant. 5. St. 3.

The *smouldring* dust did round
 about him smoke:

and Fairfax, XII. 46.

A mass of solid fier burning
 bright
 Roll'd up in *smouldring* fumes
 there bursteth out:

and XIII. 61.

And in each vein a *smouldring*
 fire there dwelt.

172. *Swindges the scaly horror of
 his folded tail.*] These images
 are plainly copied from Spenser's
 description of the old dragon: and
 no wonder Milton was fond of it
 in

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine 176
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er, 181
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;

From

in his younger years, for he was still pleased with it when he was older, and had his eye upon it several times in the *Paradise Lost*.

176. *Apollo from his shrine*

Can no more divine, &c.] Our author builds here upon the common hypothesis of the oracles being struck dumb at the coming of Christ, which is allowable enough in a young poet: and in this passage he alludes particularly to the famous story of Augustus Cæsar's consulting the Pythia or priestess of

Apollo who should reign after him, and her answering that an Hebrew boy had commanded her to leave that temple and return to Hell. See Suidas in Augustus Cæsar.

183. *A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;]* Alluding to the story of a voice proclaiming that the great Pan was dead, and immediately was heard a great groaning and lamentation. See more to this purpose in Plutarch's treatise *De oraculorum defectu*.

191. *Lars,*

28 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

From haunted spring, and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale, 185
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
 With flowr-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth, 190
 The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
 While each peculiar Pow'r forgoes his wonted
 feat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
 Forfake their temples dim,
 With

191. *Lars, and Lemures*] Household Gods and Night Spirits. *Flamens*, priests.

199. *With that twice batter'd God of Palestine*;] Dagon, who was *twice batter'd* by Samson,

Judg. XVI. and by the ark of God, 1 Sam. V. Our author is larger in his account of these deities in the first book of the Paradise Lost, and thither we must refer our reader and to the notes there.

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III. 29

With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;
 And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
 Heav'n's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled, 205
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling

there. Selden had a few years before publish'd his *De Diis Syris Syntagmata duo*, and therefore we may suppose Milton was so well instructed in this kind of learning.

201. *Heav'n's queen and mother both,*] She was called *regina cæli* and *mater Deûm*. See Selden.

212. — *the dog Anubis*] Virg. *Æn. VIII. 698. latrator Anubis.*

215. — *the*

30 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

Trampling the unshower'd grafs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest 216

Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land

The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide, 225

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The

215. —*the unshower'd grafs*] There
being no rain in Egypt, but the
country made fruitful with the over-
flowings of the Nile. *Richardson.*

227. *Our babe to show &c*] In
the printed copies it is

Our Babe to *show* his Godhead
true:

but this pitiful jingle could not be
Milton's. He undoubtedly wrote
it *show*. *Calton.*

244. *Bright-harvest*] Drest,
arm'd, accoutred. *Arnese* in Ita-
lian

The flocking shadows pale

Troop to th' infernal jail,

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave, 234

And the yellow-skirted Fayses

[maze.

Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest

Hath laid her Babe to rest,

Time is our tedious song should here have ending:

Heav'n's youngest teemed star

240

Hath fix'd her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:

And all about the courtly stable

Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

* The PASSION.

I.

E Rewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,

Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,

And

lian is a general name for all kinds of habits and ornaments.

Richardson.

Harness is used for armour in our translation of the Bible. 1 Kings XX. 11. *Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself, as he that*

putteth it off. Exod. XIII. 18. *The children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt.*

* It appears from the beginning of this poem, that it was composed after, and probably soon after, the ode on the Nativity.

22. *These*

32 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. IV.

And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :

Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head, 15
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies ;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet

22. *These latest scenes*] So it is in the second edition of 1673; in the former of 1645 it is *These latter scenes*.

26. *Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;*] He means Marcus Hieronymus Vida, who was a native of Cremona, and alludes particularly to his poem, *Christiados Libri sex*. And Mantua the birth-place of Virgil being near to Cremona, Virg. Ecl. IX. 28. Mantua

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. IV. 33

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found; 25
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
white. 35

See,

Mantua vœ, miseræ nimium vi-
cina Cremonæ,
Mr. Pope takes occasion from
thence to pay a handsome compli-
ment to Vida in his Essay on Cri-
ticism;
VOL. II.

Cremona now shall ever boast
thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next
in fame.

D

37. That

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood, 39
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;
 There doth my soul in holy vision fit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would

37. *That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,*] As the prophet Ezekiel saw the vision of the four wheels and of the glory of God at the river Chebar, and was carried in the spirit to Jerusalem; so the poet fancies himself transported to the same place.

Would soon unbofom all their echoes mild,
 And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
 Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.
 This subject the Author finding to be above the years
 he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied
 with what was begun, left it unfinish'd.

V.

* ON TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
 Then

* In these poems where no date is prefix'd, and no circumstances direct us to ascertain the time when they were compos'd, we follow the order

of Milton's own editions. And before this copy of verses, it appears from the Manuscript that the poet had written *To be set on a clock-case.*

36 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VI.

Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine, 15
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee,
 O Time.

VI.

Upon the CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,

So

18. — *happy-making sight,*] The plain English of *beatific vision*.

Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!] Virgil. Ecl. VIII. 49.

15. *O more exceeding love or law more just?*

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?

Improbis

So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5

Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,

Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow :

He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love or law more just? 15
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !

For we by rightful doom remediless

Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ; 20

And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,

And

Improbis ille puer : crudelis tu but not as it is in our translation
quoque mater. *Richardson.* *He made himself of no reputation,*

but as it is in the original *ἐαυτον*
εκενωκε, He emptied himself.

20. *Emptied his glory.*] An ex-
pression taken from Philipp. II. 7.

D 3

24. — for

And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

At a SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present 5
 That

24. — *for our excess,*] He has
 used the word in the same sense
 Paradise Lost XI. 111.

Bewailing their excess —

but I think with greater propriety
 there than here.

3. *Wed your divine sounds, &c]*
 In the Manuscript it appears that
 he had written these lines thus at
 first.

*Mix your choice words, and happiest
 sounds employ*

Dead things with inbreath'd sense
 able to pierce,
*And as your equal raptures temper'd
 sweet
 In high mysterious happy spousal
 meet,
 Snatch us from earth a while,
 Us of ourselves and native woes
 beguile,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy
 present &c.*

6. — *of pure concert,*] So we
 read in the Manuscript, and in the
 edition of 1673, and we prefer the
 authority

That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Ay sung before the saphir-color'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly ;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd fin

Jarr'd

authority of both to the single one
 of the edition in 1645, which has
 of pure content.

7. — *the saphir-color'd throne*]
 Alluding to Ezek. I. 26. *And above
 the firmament that was over their
 heads, was the likeness of a throne,
 as the appearance of a saphir stone.*

10. — *in burning row*] He
 had written at first *in triple row*.

14. *With those just Spirits &c*]
 These lines were thus at first in the
 Manuscript.

With those just Spirits that wear
the blooming palms,
 Hymns devout and *sacred* psalms
 Singing everlastingly,
*While all the starry rounds and
 arches blue*
Resound and echo Hallelu ;
 That we on earth &c.

The *victorious palms* is in allusion
 to Rev. VII. 9. *clothed with white
 robes, and palms in their hands.*

18. *May rightly answer that me-
 lodious noise ;*] The following
 D 4 lines

40 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VIII.

Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII.

* An Epitaph on the MARCHIONESS of Winchester.

THIS rich marble doth enter
 The honor'd wife of Winchester,
 A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair

Added

lines were thus at first in the Manuscript.

By leaving out those harsh ill sounding jars

Of clamorous sin that all our music mars,

*And in our lives, and in our song
 May keep in tune with Heav'n,
 till God ere long &c.*

23. *In perfect diapason,*] Concord
 through all the tones, δια πάσων.

Plin. Lib. 2. Sect. 20. Ita septem
 tonos effici, quam *diapason* harmoniam vocant, hoc est, universitatem concentus. *Richardson.*

28. *To live with him, and sing &c]* In the Manuscript the last line stands thus,

To live and sing with him in endless morn of light.

* This Lady was Jane, daughter

Added to her noble birth, 5
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight have one
 She had told ; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet 15
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ; 20
 And

ter of Thomas Lord Vicount Savage of Rock-Savage in the county of Chester, who by marriage became the heir of Lord Darcy Earl of Rivers; and was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester, and the mother of Charles first Duke of Bolton. She died in childbed of a second son in the 23d year of her age, and Milton made these verses at Cambridge as appears by the sequel.

19. *He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce well-lighted
 flame ;*] From Ovid. Met. X. 4.

Adfuit ille quidem; sed nec so-
 lemnia verba,
 Nec lætos vultus, nec felix attu-
 lit omen.

Fax quoque, quam tenuit, la-
 crimoso fridula fumo
 Usque fuit, nullosque invenit
 motibus ignes. *Jortin.*

22. — a

42 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VIII.

And in his garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree : 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip, 35
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r
 New shot up from vernal show'r ; 40

But

22. — *a cypress bud*] An emblem of a funeral : and it is called in Virgil *feralis*, *Æn.* VI. 216. and in Horace *funeris* Epod. V. 18. and in Spenser *the cypress funeral*. Faery Queen. B. 1. Cant. 1. St. 8.

28. *Atropos*.

But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be prefaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.

45

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shortned hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan.

50

Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;

55

60

Whilst

28. *Atropos for Lucina came;*] One
of the Fates instead of the Goddess
who brings the birth to light.

49. *After this thy travel fore]* As
she died in child-bed.

63. *The*

Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,
 Who after years of barrenness,
 The highly favor'd Joseph bore 65
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

* SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The

63. *That fair Syrian shepherdess,*
 &c] Rachel, the daughter of La-
 ban the Syrian, kept her father's
 sheep. Gen. XXIX. 9. and after
 her first son, Joseph, died in child-
 bed of her second son, Benjamin.
 XXXV. 18.

* This beautiful little Song has

within these few years been set to
 music by Mr. Festin, and performed
 at Ranelagh gardens.

3. — *who from her green lap*
throws &c] This image seems
 to be borrow'd from Shakespear.
 Richard II. Act 5. Sc. 4.

— who are the violets now
 That

The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May that dost inspire 5

Mirth and youth and warm desire ;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

X.

† ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

What needs my Shakespear for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid

Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5

What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment

Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

For

That strow the green lap of the
new-come spring ?

† This copy of verses on Shakespear being made in 1630, our poet was then in the 22d year of his age : and it was printed with the poems of that author at London in 1640.

5. *Dear son of memory,*] He honors his favorite Shakespear with the same relation as the Muses themselves. For the Muses are called by the old poets *the daughters of memory*. See Hesiod Theog. ver. 53.

15. *And*

46 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XI.

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impressi^on took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

* On the University Carrier, who sicken'd in the
 time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London,
 by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his
 girt,
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,

Or

15. *And so sepulcher'd*] We have
 the word with the same accent in
 Fairfax Cant. 1. St. 25.

As if his work should his *sepul-*
cher be.

Milton has pronounced it other-
 wise, as in Samson ver. 103.

Myself, *my sepulchre*, a moving
 grave.

* We have the following ac-
 count of this extraordinary man in
 the Spectator N^o 509. "Mr. To-
 bias Hobson was a carrier, and
 "the first man in this island who
 "let out hackney horses. He
 "lived in Cambridge, and observ-
 "ing that the scholars rid hard,
 "his manner was to keep a large
 "stable of horses, with boots,
 "bridles, and whips, to furnish
 "the

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Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin 14
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

Another

<p>“ the gentlemen at once, without “ going from college to college to “ borrow, as they have done since “ the death of this worthy man: “ I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable “ of forty good cattel, always “ ready and fit for traveling; but “ when a man came for a horse, “ he was led into the stable, where “ there was great choice, but he “ obliged him to take the horse</p>	<p>“ which stood next to the stable- “ door; so that every customer “ was alike well served according “ to his chance, and every horse “ ridden with the same justice: “ from whence it became a pro- “ verb, when what ought to be “ your election was forced upon “ you, to say <i>Hobson's choice</i>. This “ memorable man stands drawn in “ fresco at an inn (which he used) “ in</p>
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XII.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait. 10
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 Nay,

" in Bishopsgate-street, with an
 " hundred pound bag under his
 " arm, with this inscription upon
 " the said bag,

" The fruitful mother of an hun-
 dred more."

Mr. Ray in his Collection of Eng-

lish Proverbs says that he raised
 himself to a great estate, and did
 much good in the town, relieving
 the poor, and building a public
 conduit in the market-place. The
 inscription on the conduit is as fol-
 lows. " Thomas Hobson, late
 " carrier between London and this
 " town,

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 " war
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POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XII. 49

Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make fix bearers. 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.

<p>" town, in his life time was at the " sole charge of erecting this " structure A. D. 1614. He de- " parted this life January 1, 1630, " and gave by will the rent of " seven Lays of pasture-ground " lying in St. Thomas's Lays to- " wards the maintenance of this V o l. II.</p>	<p>" conduit for ever. Moreover at " his death he gave 10 l. towards " the further beautifying the same." I cannot say much in commendation of these verses upon his death: they abound with that sort of wit, which was then in request at Cam- bridge. E</p>
--	--

This

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 So hung his destiny, never to rot
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 VOL. II.

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 E This

XIII.

* L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy,

Find

* This and the following poem are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, but appear much more beautiful, when they are considered, as they were written, in contrast to each other. There is a great variety of pleasing images in each of them; and it is remarkable, that the poet represents several of the same objects as exciting both mirth and melancholy, and affecting us differently according to the different dispositions and affections of the soul. This is nature and experience. He derives the title of both poems from the Italian, which language was then principally in vogue. *L'Allegro* is the chearful merry man; and in this poem he describes the course of mirth in the country and in the city from morning till noon, and from noon till night: and possibly he might have this in his thoughts, when he said afterwards in his *Areopagitica* — “there be de-
“lights, there be recreations and

“jolly pastimes that will fetch the
“day about from sun to sun, and
“rock the tedious year as in a
“delightful dream.” Vol. i. p. 154,
155. Edit. 1738.

1. *Hence loathed Melancholy, &c.*] The beginning of this poem is somewhat like the beginning of *Kal. Decembres Saturnales* of Statius, *Sylvarum* Lib. I.

Et Phœbus pater, & severa Pallas,
Et Musæ procul ite feriatae:
Jani vos revocabimus Kalendis.
Saturnus mihi compede exoluta,
Et multo gravidus mero De-
cember,

*Et ridens jocus, et sales protervi
Adfint, dum refero diem beatam
Læti Cæsaris, ebriamque partem.*

2. *Of Cerberus and blackest Mid-
night born,*] The poet in mak-
ing *Melancholy* the daughter of *Cer-
berus* might perhaps intend to infi-
nuate, that she has something of
the cynic, as well as something
monstrous and unnatural, in her
com-



F. Flayman inv.

C. Grignion sculp.



Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,

And

composition: but if this poem had not undergone two impressions in Milton's life time, and one of them before he lost his sight, I should have imagin'd that he had wrote *Erebus* instead of *Cerberus*, as being more agreeable to Hea-then mythology. *Erebus* and *Night* are often joined together, as in Hesiod, Theog. ver. 123.

Εκ Χαεϙ δ' Ερεβϙ τε μελαι-
 να τε Νυξ εγενοντο.
 Νυκτι δ' αυτ' Αιθηρ τε και
 Ημερη εγενοντο,
 'Ους τεκε, κυσαμνην Ερεβει φι-
 λοτητι μιγυσσας.

And several of their children, enumerated by Cicero, are much of the same nature and complexion as *Melancholy*. De Nat. Deor. III. 17. — eorumque fratres & sorores, qui a genealogis antiquis sic nominantur, Metus, Labor, Invidentia, Tenebræ, Miseria, Querela, &c. quos omnes Erebo et Nocte natos ferunt. I find Mr. Upton in his let-

ter to Mr. West on Spenser's Faery Queen has proposed the same conjecture.

4. 'Mongst horrid shapes, &c.] He has this passage of Virgil in his eye. Æn. VI. 285 to 289.

Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum &c. Warburton.

6. *Where brooding darkness*] Called so because darkness sets the imagination on work, to create ideal forms and beings.

Warburton.

10. *In dark Cimmerian desert*] The *Cimmerians* were a people who liv'd in caves under ground, and never saw the light of the sun. See Homer Odyss. XI. 14. and Tibullus IV. I. 65.

12. *In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne*,] *Cleaped* is called, named; Spenser Faery Queen B. 3. Cant. 12. St. 19.

The other *cleaped* Cruelty by name.

E 2

The

52 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

15

20

Fill'd

The letter y is sometimes prefixed to lengthen it a syllable. B. 3. Cant. 5. St. 8.

And is ycleaped Florimel the fair.

Euphrosyne is the name of one of the three Graces mention'd by Hesiod. Theog. 909.

Ἀγλαΐῳ, καὶ Εὐφροσύνῳ, Θάλιῳ τ' ἐρετύνῳ:

and by Spenser. Faery Queen. B. 6. Cant. 10. St. 22.

The first of them hight mild
Euphrosyne,
Next fair Aglaia, last Thalia
merry.

The poet, in saying that she was called *Euphrosyne* in Heaven, and *Mirth* by men, imitates Homer's manner of speaking, where the names in use among the learned

are ascribed to the Gods, and those in vulgar use are attributed to men. See *Paradise Lost*, V. 761. and the note there.

14. *Whom lovely Venus at a birth* &c] The more ancient opinion, as we find it in Hesiod's Theogony, was that the Graces were the daughters of Jupiter and Eury-nome, and this Spenser adopts in his *Faery Queen*. B. 6. Cant. 10. St. 22.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of fair Eurynome.

But Milton with great judgment and a very allowable liberty follows the account of their being sprung from Bacchus and Venus, because the mythology of it suited the nature of his subject better.

Thyer.
17. Or

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

25

30

Come,

17. Or *whether* (as some *sager* sing) &c] No mythologist either ancient or modern that I can meet with gives this account of the birth of *Euphrosyne*; nevertheless we must do Milton the justice to own, that he could not possibly have invented better allegorical parents for her than *Zephyrus* and *Aurora*, or the gentle western gales of a fine morning in the spring, which to use his own words in his *Paradise Lost*, IV. 154.

— to the heart inspire
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair.

His pretence of authority in the parenthesis (as some *sager* sing) is introduc'd in my opinion only to give a more venerable authoritative air to his poem: and I have

often suspected, that that passage in the 10th book of *Paradise Lost*, where the evil Angels are describ'd turn'd into serpents, and as the poet adds ver. 575.

Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 is an instance of the same sort.

Thyer.
 As some *sager* sing. It is *sages* in Mr. Fenton's edition, but the old editions have *sager*. Both these genealogies were probably of the poet's own invention, but he rather favors the latter.

32. And Laughter holding both his sides.] A fine improvement upon *Shakespear*. A *Midsummer Night's Dream* Act 2. Sc. 1.

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe.

E 3

33. Come,

54 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee, 35
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good morrow,

Through

33. *Come, and trip it as you go*
On the light fantastic toe,] Another
 imitation of Shakespear. Tem-
 pest Act 4. Sc. 2. Ariel to the
 Spirits

— Come, and go, —
 Each one tripping on his toe.

36. *The mountain nymph, sweet*
Liberty;] I suppose Liberty is
 called *the mountain nymph*, because
 the people in mountainous coun-
 tries have generally preserved their
 liberties longest, as the Britons for-
 merly in Wales, and the inhabi-

tants in the mountains of Switzer-
 land at this day.

41. *To hear the lark begin his*
flight, &c.] At the same time
 that Milton delights our imagina-
 tion with this charming scene of
 rural cheerfulness, he gives us a
 fine picture of the regularity of his
 life, and the innocency of his own
 mind. The principal circumstances
 are taken from the earliest dawn of
 the morning, and prove the truth
 of what he says of himself in his
 Apology for Smeſtymnuus, “ that
 “ he

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII. 55

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

50

And to the stack, or the barn-door,

Stoutly struts his dames before:

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn

Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,

From the side of some hoar hill,

55

Through the high wood echoing shrill:

Some time walking not unseen

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,

Where the great sun begins his state,

60

Rob'd

" he was up and stirring, in winter often ere the found of any bell awake men to labor, or to devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors &c": And few minds, I believe, but such as are innocent and unstain'd with guilty pleasures have any great taste for these pure and genuin ones which the poet describes. *Thyer.*

44. — *the dappled dawn*] The word is used and explain'd in

Shakespear. Much Ado about Nothing. Act 5. Sc. 8.

— and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus,
round about

Dapples the drousy east with spots
of gray.

45. *Then to come in spite of sorrow,*] These two poems, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, are certainly the best of Milton's productions in rime, for the rimes in Lycidas are irregular: but yet we may observe that several things are said, which would

56 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his fithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures,
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

65

70

Mountains

would not have been said but only for the sake of the rime, and we have an instance, I conceive, in the line before us. Mr. Pope, I have been inform'd, had remark'd several defects of the same kind in these two poems; and there may be some truth and justness in the observation, which Dryden has made in the dedication of his Juvenal, that "rime was not Milton's talent, he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the grace of it;" but then it must be said, that he had talents for greater things, and there is more harmony in his blank verse than in all the riming poetry in the world.

62. *The clouds in thousand liveries dight,*] And so in *Il Penseroso*

And storied windows richly *dight*.

Dight, dress'd, adorn'd; a word used by Spenser, and our old writers. *Faery Queen*. B. 1. Cant. 4. St. 6.

With rich array and costly arras
dight.

Fairfax Cant. 1. St. 72.

So every one in arms was quickly
dight.

69. *Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures*] There is in my opinion great beauty in this abrupt and rapturous start of the poet's imagination, as it is extremely well adapted to the subject, and carries a very pretty allusion to those sudden gleams of vernal

Mountains on whose barren breast

The lab'ring clouds do often rest,

Meadows trim with daisies pied,

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it fees

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,

From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their savory dinner set

75

80

Of

vernal delight which break in upon
the mind at the sight of a fine
prospect. *Thyer.*

72. *Where the nibbling flocks do
stray,*] *Nibbling sheep* is an
expression in Shakespear. *Tem-
pest* Act 4. Sc. 3. And *stray* is not
in the sense of *wander, go astray*,
but only signifies *feed at large*, as
in Virgil *Ecl.* I. 9.

Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis,
et ipsum

Ludere quæ vellem calamo per-
misit agresti.

80. *The Cynosure of neighb'ring
eyes.*] As if he had said, the
pole-star of neighb'ring eyes: an
affected expression. *Cynofura* is
the constellation of *Ursa minor*

or the little bear next to our pole,
as in the *Mask* 342. I find the
same expression in *Democritus Ju-
nior* or *Burton's* treatise of *Me-
lancholy*, as quoted by *Mr. Peck*.
" 'Tis the general humor of all
" lovers; she is his stern, his pole-
" star, his guide, his *Cynosure*,
" his *Hesperus* and *Vesperus*, &c.
p. 512.

84. *Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, &c]* *Mr. Thyer* thinks
with me that this is an allusion to
Virgil Ecl. II. 10.

Thestylis et rapido fessis messorii-
bus æstu

Allia serpyllumque herbas con-
tundit olentes.

And tho' *Phyllis* is the cook here,
Thestylis is introduc'd soon after.

92. *The*

58 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

Of herbs, and other country messes, 85
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecs found
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,

Till

92. *The upland hamlets*] Upland "villagers also must have their
in opposition to the hay-making "visitors to inquire what lectures
scene in the lower lands. *Thyer.* "the bagpipe and the *rebec* reads

94. *And the jocond rebecs found*] " &c".
Rebec is a three-stringed fiddle, de-
rived from the French *rebec* or the
Italian *ribecca*, and these, says
Skinner, à *Rebacchando*, ubi *Re*
sensum auget, quia sc. hoc instru-
mento in conviviiis, comestationi-
bus et symposiis uti solebant; and
therefore Milton properly bestows
upon it the epithet *jocond*. He uses
the word again in his *Areopagitica*
p. 149. Vol. 1. Edit. 1738. "The

96. *Dancing in the chequer'd*
shade;] Shakespear's *Titus*
Andronicus Act 2. Sc. 4.

The green leaves quiver with
the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow
on the ground.

Virgil *Ecl.* V. 5.

Sive sub incertas Zephyris mo-
tantibus umbras. *Richardson.*

101. *With*

Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she said,
 And he by friers lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging-Goblin fwet, 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And

101. *With stories told of many a* him likewise in this particular.
feat, &c] These stories of 106. *To earn his cream bowl duly*
 Faeries and Goblins formerly made *set, &c]* Reginald Scot gives a
 part of the belief of the country brief account of this imaginary
 people, and with great propriety Spirit much in the same manner
 therefore are made the subjects of with this of our author. "Your
 their conversation over their nut- " grand-dames, maids, were wont
 brown ale at night. Shakespear " to set a *bowl of milk* for him,
 too in compliance with these vul- " for his pains in grinding of
 gar notions has introduc'd the like " malt or mustard, and sweeping
 faery tales in several of his plays, " the house at midnight — his
 and particularly in his *Midsum- " white bread and milk* was his
 mer Night's Dream: and no won- " standing fee." Discovery of
 der that Milton, who has so often Witchcraft. Lond. [1588 and]
 imitated Shakespear, has imitated 1651. 4° p. 66. Peck.

119. *Where*

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And

119. *Where throngs of knights and barons bold &c*] It may perhaps be objected that this is a little unnatural, since tilts and tournaments were disus'd, when Milton wrote this poem: But when one considers how short a time they had been laid aside, and what a considerable figure these make in Milton's favorite authors, his introducing them here is easily accounted for, and I think as easily to be excus'd. *Thyer.*

132. *If Johnson's &c*] We see by this, that Milton's favorite dramatic entertainments were Johnson's Comedies, and Shakespear's Plays: and in a few words he touches the distinguishing characteristics of these two famous poets, the art of Johnson and nature of Shakespear, the learning of the one and the genius of the other: and there is this farther propriety in his praising of Shakespear, that while he commends, he imitates him. *Love's Labor's lost. Act 1. Sc. 1.*

This

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such fights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,

135

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

140

With

This *child of fancy*, that Armado
hight.

135. *And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs, &c.*]
So also in the Mask speaking of
Circe and the Sirens,

Who as they sung, would take
the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium —

It may be observ'd that Milton's
imagination glows with a particu-
lar brightness not only in this

charming passage, but in every
other where he has occasion to de-
scribe the power of music, which
shows how fond he was of it, and
finely exemplifies Horace's maxim,

Verbaque provisam rem non in-
vita sequentur. *Thyer.*

The *Lydian* music was very soft
and sweet, and according to Cas-
siodorus (Varior. lib. 2. ep. 40. ad
Boethium) contra nimias curas, ani-
mæque tædia reperta, remissione
reparabat et oblectatione animos
corrø-

60 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

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 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
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reparabat et oblectatione animos
corro-

62 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice.

145

150

These

corroborabat. And so Dryden in his excellent Ode on St. Cecilia's day.

length in the notes upon the third Act of the Merry Wives of Windsor in Mr. Warburton's edition.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

151. *These delights if thou canst give,*

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.]

The concluding turn of this and the following poem is borrow'd from the conclusion of two beautiful little pieces of Shakespear, intitled The Passionate Shepherd to his Love, and the Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd;

If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

These two poems are printed at

* *Il Penseroso* is the thoughtful melancholy man; and Mr. Thyer concurred with me in observing that this poem both in its model and principal circumstances is taken from a song in praise of melancholy in Fletcher's Comedy call'd *The Nice Valor or Passionate Mad-man*. The reader will not be displeas'd to see it here, as it is well worth transcribing.

Hence all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your
 folly;
 There's nought in this life
 sweet,

If





J. Hayman inv.

C. Grignion sculp.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

IL PENNEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,

5

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

As

If man were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy,
Oh sweetest Melancholy.
Welcome folded arms, and fix'd
eyes,

A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the
ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a
sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless
groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon-light walks, when all the
fowls

Are warmly hous'd, save bats
and owls;

A midnight bell, a parting
groan,

These are the sounds we feed
upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still
gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely
Melancholy.

2. *The brood of folly without fa-
ther bred,*] He assigns the same
kind of origin to these fantastic
joys, as Hesiod does to dreams,
which he says the Night brings
forth without a father. Theog.
212.

— ετικτε δε φυλον ουερων
ου τινη κοιμηθεσα δεα τεκε
Νυξ ερεβεννη.

Mr. Thyer had made the same ob-
servation with me; and we may
be the more certain of this allu-
sion on account of the following
comparison — *likest hovering
dreams.*

7. As

64 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train. 10

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view 15

O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauties praise above 20

The

7. *As thick and numberless*

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,] A similitude copied from Chaucer. Wife of Bath's Tale. ver. 868.

As thik as motis in the sunné beme.

10. *The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train.*] *Morpheus*, the minister of Somnus or Sleep, so called because he feigns *τας μορφας*, the very countenances, words, manners and gestures of mankind, and exhibits them in

dreams. So Ovid Met. XI. 634.

Excitat artificem simulatoremque figuræ *Morphea*. Peck.

18. *Prince Memnon's sister*] *Memnon*, king of Ethiopia, son of Tithonus by Aurora, repairing with a great host to the relief of Priam king of Troy, was there slain by Achilles. Peck.

19. *Or that starr'd Ethiop queen* &c] *Cassiope*, wife of Cepheus king of Ethiopia, after having triumphed over all the beauties of her

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23.
Vo

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 65

The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;

Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,

25

Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

30

Come penfive Nun, devout and pure,

Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkeſt grain,

Flowing with majestic train,

And

her age; daring to compare herself to the Nereids, raised their indignation against her to such a degree, that they sent a prodigious whale into the country, so that to appease them she was commanded by the oracle to expose her daughter Andromeda, to be devoured by the monster; but Perseus delivered Andromeda, and procured Cassiope to be taken into Heaven; for which last reason our author here calls her the *starr'd Ethiop queen*. Peck.

23. *Thee bright-hair'd Vesta &c]*
VOL. II.

As Milton here is speaking of one of the Goddesses of the Ancients, he very judiciously adopts their manner of describing them by some epithet distinguishing the color of their eyes, hair &c as χρυσοκομης, γλαυκωπις &c. The allegory contain'd under this description is no less beautiful than that which he had before given us in his account of the birth of Euphrosyne from Zephyrus and Aurora. Saturn was always considered by those philosophers, who embrac'd the opinion of planetary influences, as pre-

F

siding

66 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

And fable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gate,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring

Ay

siding over persons of a gloomy thoughtful turn, and this cast of mind temper'd and refin'd with a proper mixture of fire, which the Ancients worshipt under the name of Vesta, is the best adapted to relish such pleasures as the poet is here describing. What gives an additional beauty still, is the supposing *Melancholy* begot in secret shades of woody *Ida's* inmost grove.

Thyer.

35. *Cyprus lawn*,] In Milton's editions it is *Cipres lawn*; but I presume the word is *Cyprus*, as Mr. Symphon observed likewise,

who says it is a common term in Ben. Johnson.

43. *With a sad leaden downward cast*] The same epithet Shakespear applies to contemplation, in his *Love's Labor's lost*.

For when would you, my Liege,
 or you, or you
 In *leaden contemplation* have found
 out &c. Thyer.

47. *And bears the Muses in a ring*
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.
 Here Mr. Thyer and Mr. Richardson observed with me, that it is an allusion to what Hesiod says of the Muses. Theog. 3.

Kat

Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hift along, 55
 'Lefs Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak; 60
 Sweet

Και τε περικνηνλω ιοειδεα ποσσ'
 απαλοισιν
 Ορχανισαι, και βωμον σειδενε
 Κεγνιων.

in the gayer personage of Milton;
 which is more like a Cupid than
 any thing else.

52. *Him that yon soars on golden wing, &c*] I cannot find out from whence Milton copied this description. It seems to be the imagery of some fanciful Italian, either allegorical poet or painter. Spenser has likewise given a description of *Contemplation*, but he describes him under the figure of a venerable old man; and I cannot but agree with Mr. Thyer, that there is more propriety in this than

59. — *dragon yoke,*] This office is attributed to *dragons* on account of their watchfulness. So Shakespear in *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

Swift, swift, you *dragons* of the night.

And in *Troilus and Cressida* Act 5. Sc. 14.

The *dragon* wing of night o'er-spreads the earth.

68 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee chauntress oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,

65

70

Over

Milton has somewhat of the same
 thought again in his Latin poems.
In obitum Præfulis Eliensis.

*Longeque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat
 suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.*

61. *Sweet bird &c.*] It is remarkable that here he begins his time from evening, as in *L'Allegro* from the early morning, and here with the nightingale as there with the lark. And as Mr. Thyer observes, this rapturous start of the poet's fancy in praise of his favo-

rite bird is extremely natural and beautiful: and 'tis worth the reader's while too to observe, how finely he makes it serve to connect his subject, and insensibly as it were to introduce the following charming night-scene.

74. *I hear the far-off Curfeu sound, &c.*] William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which

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 Sonnet

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 69

Over some wide-water'd shore, 75
 Swinging slow with fullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drousy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere

The

which bell was called *Curfeu*, Fr. *Couvre-feu*, that is Cover-fire. See the Glossary to Chaucer. And the two following lines, with the frequent alliteration of the letter s, inimitably express the motion and sound of a great heavy bell. We almost think we hear it.

Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar.

The poet no doubt remember'd Shakespear's passing-bell, but I think he has exceeded his original. Sonnet 71.

No longer mourn for me when I
 am dead,
 Then you shall hear *the surly ful-*
len bell

Give warning to the world that
 I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest
 worms to dwell.

87. *Where I may oft out-watch the*
Bear,] The constellation so
 called, that never sets. Virg.
 Georg. I. 246.

Arctos oceani metuentes æquore
tingi.

88. *With thrice great Hermes,*]
Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyp-
 F 3 tian

The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,

90

95

Presenting

tian philosopher, florished a little after Moses. He maintained the truth of one God against the idolatry and polytheism of his countrymen. Peck.

88. — or unsphere

The spirit of Plato to unfold &c]
The spirit of Plato is rightly summon'd to unfold these particular notions, for he has treated more largely than any of the philosophers, concerning the separate state of the soul after death, and concerning Demons residing in the elements, and influencing the planets, and directing the course of nature. I would not swell this note with quotations from his works, because the English reader may see a summary of his doctrines at the end of Stanley's Life of that philosopher. And as Mr. Thyer observes, the word *unsphere* alludes

to the Platonic notion of different spheres or regions being assign'd to spirits of different degrees of perfection or impurity. The same term is used in the *Mask* ver. 2.

— where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial spirits live in-
spher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air.

98. *In scepter'd pall]* The same as Horace calls *palla honesta*. De Arte poet. 278.

Post hunc personæ pallæque re-
 pertor honestæ
 Æschylus —

99. *Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,*

Or the tale of Troy divine,] These were the principal subjects of the ancient tragedies; and he seems

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Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes, as warbled to the string.
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.

Or

to allude particularly to the *Septem contra Thebas* of Æschylus, and the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, and the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and the *Thebais* of Seneca, which present *Thebes*; and to the *Thyestes* of Seneca, and the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which present *Pelops line*; and to the *Troades* of Euripides and of Seneca, and other tragedies which present the tale of *Troy divine*, therefore called *divine* because built by the Gods; for I think with Mr. Thyer, that *divine* is not to be join'd with *tale*, as many understand it: and as Mr. Jortin notes, it is called in Homer *Ἰατρίη*.

104. *Might raise Musæus from his bower,*] The poet *Musæus* makes the most distinguish'd figure in Virgil's *Elysium*. *Æn.* VI. 667.

Musæum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba

Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

105. *Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing &c*] It is a property of music, that the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such music,

That Orpheus self may heave his head &c.

If to melancholy —

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing &c.

See Warburton's *Shakespear*. Vol. 3. P. 118.

107. *Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,*] Our author here very strongly

F 4

Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glafs,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
 And if ought else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have fung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus

Strongly expresses the sense of the following line of Seneca's upon the same occasion, which I suppose he had in view. Herc. Fur. 578.

Desilent et lacrymis difficiles Dei.
 Thyer.

109. Or call up him that left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold, &c]
 He means Chaucer and his *Squire's tale*, wherein *Cambuscan* is king of Sarra in Tartary, and has two sons *Algarfise* and *Camball*, and a daughter named *Canace*. This *Tartar king* receives a present from the king of Araby and Ind, of a wondrous horse of brass that could transport him thro' the air to any place, and a sword of rare qualities; and

at the same time his daughter *Canace* is presented with a virtuous ring and glafs, a glafs by which she could discover secrets and future events, and a ring by which she could understand the language of birds. This tale was either never finish'd by Chaucer, or part of it is lost: but Spenser has endeavor'd to supply the defect in his *Faery Queen*, and begins with such a handsome introduction and address to the spirit of Chaucer, that I should be tempted to transcribe it, if it would not prolong this note beyond its due measure. See B. 4. Cant. 2. St. 32. &c.

116. And if ought else great bards beside &c] Ariosto, and Spenser more particularly, of whose allegorical

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frount as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring

125

130

To

legorical poetry it may be said with great truth and propriety, that *more is meant than meets the ear*. And thus in these two little poems Milton makes his compliments to our greatest English poets, Johnson and Shakespear, Chaucer and Spenser.

122. *Till civil-suited morn appear,*] Paradise Regain'd. IV. 426.

— till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray. *Richardson.*

Shakespear for the same reason says of night, Romeo and Juliet Act 3. Sc. 4.

— Come *civil* night,
 Thou *sober-suited* matron, all in black.

123. *Not trickt and frount as she was wont*
With the Attic boy to hunt,] Shakespear calls drefs *tricking*. Mrs. Page in the Merry Wives of Windsor — Go get us properties and *tricking* for our faeries. *Frount* is another word to the same purpose, signifying much the same as frizled, crisped, curled. *The Attic boy* is Cephalus, with whom Aurora fell in love as he was hunting. See Peck, and Ovid. Met. VII. 701.

125. *But kercheft in a comely cloud,*] *Kerchef* is a head drefs from the French, *couvre chef*; a word used by Chaucer and Shakespear. Julius Cæsar, Act 2. Sc. 3.

141. — *day's*

74 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thie,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such comfort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of

141. — *day's garish eye,*] *Garish*,
 splendid, gaudy. A word in Shake-
 spear. Richard III. Act 4. Sc. 4.

— a *garish* flag.

Romeo and Juliet. Act 3. Sc. 4.

— all the world shall be in love
 with night,

And pay no worship to the *garish*
 sun.

148. *Wave at his wings*] *Wave*
 is used here as a verb neuter.

151. — *sweet music breathe &c*] *This thought is taken from Shake-
 spear's Tempest. Fortin.*

158. — *pillars massy proof,*] That
 is proof against a great weight. So,
 in the poem of Arcades

— branching

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 75

Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

150

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail

155

To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

160

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Diffolve

— branching elm *star-proof*,
that is which will resist the evil influence of the planets. It is a vulgar superstition that one species of elm has that virtue.

Warburton.

160. *Casting a dim religious light.*]
Mr. Pope has imitated this in his
Eloisa to Abelard. ver. 143.

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light.

161. *There let the pealing organ blow, &c*] This shows that Milton, however mistaken in other respects, did not run into the enthusiastic madness of that fanatic age against Church Music. *Thyer.*

167. *And*

Dissolve me into extasies, 165
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

A R-

167. *And may at last my weary age &c]* There is something extremely pleasing and proper in this last circumstance, not merely as it varies and enlarges the picture, but as it adds such a perfection and completeness to it, by conducting the *Penferoso* so happily to the last scene of life, as leaves the reader's mind fully satisfied: And if preferring the one would not look like censuring the other, I would say that in this respect this poem claims a superiority over the *Allegro*, which, altho' design'd with equal judgment, and executed with no less spirit, yet ends as if something more might still have been added. *Thyer.*

173. *Till old experience do attain To something like prophetic strain.]* This resembles what Cornelius Nepos says of Cicero, that his prudence seemed to be a kind of divination, for he foretold every thing that happen'd afterwards like a prophet. — *et facile existimari possit, prudentiam quodammodo esse divinationem. Non enim Cicero ea solum, quæ vivo se acciderunt, futura prædixit, sed etiam, quæ nunc usu veniunt, cecinit, ut vates. Vita Attici cap. 16.* This ending is certainly very fine, but tho' Mr. Thyer thinks it perfect and complete, yet others have been of opinion that something more might still be added, and I have seen

XV.

* A R C A D E S.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this Song.

I. S O N G.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,

Too

seen in Mr. Richardson's book some lines of Mr. John Hughes.

There let Time's creeping winter shed

His reverend snow around my head;

And while I feel by fast degrees
My sluggish blood wax chill and freeze,

Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye

A scene of deep eternity,

Till life dissolving at the view,

I wake and find the vision true.

* This poem is only *part* of an Entertainment, or *Mask*, as it is also intitled in Milton's Manuscript, the rest probably being of a different

nature, or composed by a different hand. *The Countess Dowager of Derby*, to whom it was presented, must have been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorp in Northamptonshire Knight, and the widow of Ferdinando Stanley the fifth Earl of Derby: and *Harefield* is in Middlesex, and according to Camden lieth a little to the north of Uxbridge; so that I think we may certainly conclude, that Milton made this poem while he resided in that neighbourhood with his father at Horton near Colebrooke. It should seem too, that it was made before the *Mask* at Ludlow, as it is a more imperfect essay: and Frances the second daughter

78 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV.

Too divine to be mistook :

This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend ;
Here our solemn search hath end.

5

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise ;
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

10

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads ;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddess-bright,
In the center of her light.

15

Might

daughter of this Countess Dowager of Derby being married to John Earl of Bridgwater, before whom was presented the Mask at Ludlow, we may conceive in some measure how Milton was induc'd to compose the one after the other. The alliance between the families naturally and easily accounts for it: and in all probability the Genius of the wood in this poem, as well as the attendant Spirit in the Mask, was Mr. Henry Lawes, who was the great master of music at that time, and taught most of the young nobility.

10. W.

Might she the wife Latona be, 20
 Or the towred Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred Gods;
 Juno dares not give her odds;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd? 25

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood ap-
 pears, and turning toward them, speaks.

G E N I U S.

S TAY gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice 30
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,

I

10. *We may justly now accuse &c]* These lines were thus at first in the Manuscript.

Now seems guilty of abuse
And detraction from her praise
Less than half she hath exprest,
Envy bid her hide the rest.

18. *Sitting like &c]* It was at first,

Seated like a Goddess bright &c.

23. *Juno dares not &c]* The Manuscript had at first,

Ceres dares not give her odds;
Who would have thought this
clime had held &c.

30. *Divine Alpheus, &c]* A famous

80 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV.

I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honor and devotion meant 35
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower, 45
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:
 And

mous river of Arcadia, that sinking under ground passeth thro' the sea without mixing his stream with the salt-waters, and riseth at last with the fountain Arethuse near Syracuse in Sicily. Virg. *Æn.* III. 694.

— *Alpheum fama est huc Elis amnem,
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.*

Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
 From Greece a secret passage under ground,
 By love to beauteous Arethusa led,
 And mingling here they roll in the same sacred bed. Dryden.
 41. *What shallow-searching Fame*
 &c] At first the verse run thus,
Those virtues which dull Fame
 hath left untold.

44. — I

And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 55
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
 But else in deep of night, when drowfiness 61
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
 And

44. — *I am the Power*] It was
 at first,

— *I have the power.*

47. *With ringlets quaint,*] It was
 at first, *In ringlets quaint.*

49. — *and blasting vapors chill:*]
 In the Manuscript it is

— *or blasting vapors chill.*

50. *And from the boughs &c*] It
 was at first,

And from the *leaves* brush off &c.
 VOL. II.

57. — *tassell'd horn*] Spenser,
 Faery Queen. B. 1. Cant. 8. St. 3.

— *an horn* of bugle small,
 Which hung adown his side in
 twisted gold
 And tassels gay.

62. *Hath lock'd up mortal sense,*]
 He had written at first *Hath chain'd*
mortality.

64. — *the nine infolded spheres,*]
 According to the doctrine of the
 G Ancients,

82 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV.

And turn the adamantin spindle round,
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise, 75
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;

Where

Ancients, as it is explain'd by Cicero. *Somnium Scipionis* 4. *Novem tibi orbibus, vel potius globis, connexa sunt omnia :* and then he enumerates them in this order, heaven or the sphere of the stars, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury, the moon, and the earth. And in the next chapter he speaks of the music of the spheres, *Quid? hic, inquam, quis est, qui complet aures meas tantus et tam dulcis sonus?* and describes it, and accounts for mankind's not hearing it. *Hic vero tantus est totius mundi incitatissima conversione sonitus, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint: sicut intueri solem adversum nequitis, ejusque radiis acies vestra sensusque vincitur.* See also Macrobius *In Somn. Scip. Lib. 2. cap. 4.* *Ergo universi mundani*

Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of step hath been, 85
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me, 90
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.

Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen. 95

III. S O N G.

mundani corporis sphæræ novem
sunt. &c.

72. *After the heav'nly tune, which
none can hear &c]* To the same
purpose Shakespear speaking like-
wise of the music of the spheres.
Merchant of Venice, Act 5. Sc. 1.

There's not the smallest orb,
which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel
sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd
cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal
sounds!
But whilst this muddy vesture of
decay
Doth grossly close us in, we can-
not hear it.

III. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lillied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar

Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,

100

A better foil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus

Bring your flocks, and live with us,

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place.

105

Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,

Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All Arcadia hath not seen.

97. *By sandy Ladon's lillied banks,*
&c] This was the most beautiful
river of Arcadia, and the others
are famous mountains of that coun-
try: and the poet calls it *sandy La-*
don after Ovid. Met. I. 702.

Donec arenosi placitum Ladonis ad
amnem

Venerit —

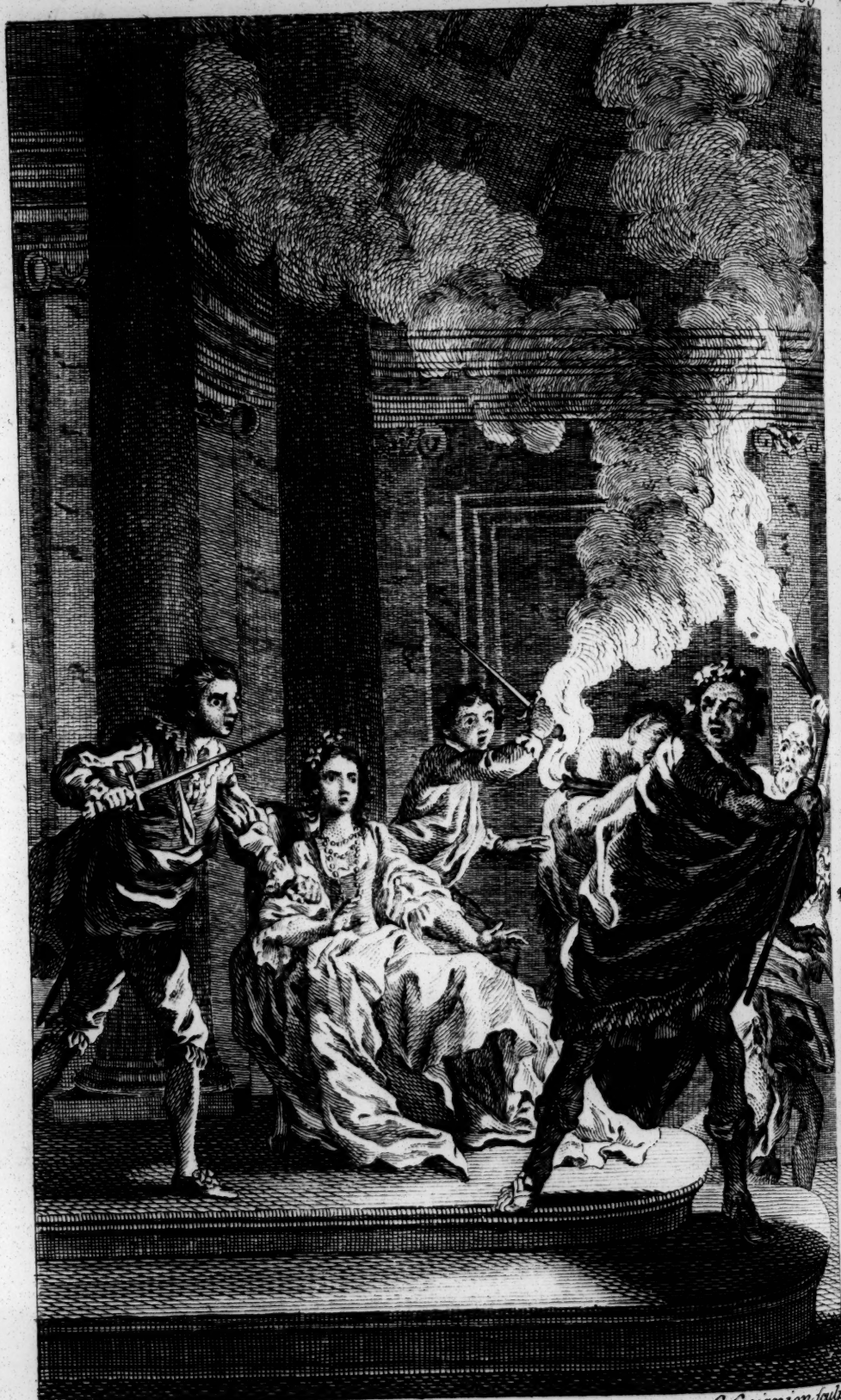
and it might properly be said to
have *lillied banks*, since Dionysius,
as I find him quoted by Farnaby,
has call'd it Εὐκαλαμὸν ποταμὸν
καὶ εὐσεφῶνον Λαδῶνα.

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F. Flayman inv.

C. Grignion sculp.

XVI.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

The EARL of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.

G 3

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit
of Thyrsis.

COMUS with his crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER.

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

The chief persons who presented were,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 26th year of our author's age. In the title page of the first edition printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented *on Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
Perditus —

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following dedication.

To the Right Honorable

JOHN Lord Vicount BRACKLY son and heir apparent to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my several friends satisfaction,

and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honor of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to your most honor'd parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most

humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

In the edition of 1645 was also prefixed Sir Henry Wotton's letter to the author upon the following poem: but as we have inserted it in the Life of Milton, there is no occasion to repeat it here.

A M A S K.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,

Above

Milton seems in this poem to have imitated Shakespear's manner more than in any other of his works; and it was very natural for a young author preparing a piece for the stage to propose to himself for a pattern the most celebrated master of English dramatic poetry.

Thyer.

Milton has here more professedly imitated the manner of Shakespear in his faery scenes than in any other of his works: and his poem is much the better for it, not only for the beauty variety and novelty of his images, but for a brighter vein of poetry, and an ease and delicacy of expression very superior to his natural manner. *Warburton.*

1. *Before the starry threshold &c*] This character of the attendant Spirit is formed upon that of Ariel

in the Tempest, but very much highten'd and improv'd by Milton, who was well acquainted with the Platonic notions of Spirits or Demons; and in Milton's Manuscript this personage is intitled a *Guardian Spirit or Demon.*

4. *In regions mild of calm and serene air,*] Alluding probably to Homer's happy seats of the Gods. *Odyss. VI. 42.*

— ὅθι φασὶ θεῶν ἐδ' ἀσφαλές αἶθερ
Ἐμῶναι' ἔτ' ἀνεμοῖσι τινάσσεται,
ἔτε ποτ' οὐρανῷ
Δάεται, ἔτε χίων ἐπιπύλαι
ταῖ' ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰθέρη
Πεπταται ἀννεφέλῃ, λούκη δ' ἐπιδεδρομένη αἰγλή.

Which verses Lucretius has excellently copied. *III. 18.*

Apparet

90 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
 Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
 After this mortal change to her true servants 10
 Amongst

Apparet Divûm numen, fedef-
 que quietæ ;
 Quas neque concutiunt venti, ne-
 que nubila nimbis
 Adſpergunt ; neque nix acri con-
 creta pruina
 Cana cadens violat ; ſemperque
 innubilus æther
 Integit, et large diſfuſo lumine
 ridet.

See Lucan too at the beginning of
 book the ninth, concerning the de-
 parted ſoul of Pompey. After this
 line Milton had inſerted theſe
 which follow, and ſcratched them
 out again in his Manuſcript.

Amidſt th' Hesperian gardens, on
 whoſe banks
 Bedew'd with neſtar and celeftial
 ſongs
 Eternal roſes grow, and hya-
 cinth,
 And fruits of golden rind, on
 whoſe fair tree
 The ſcaly-harneſs'd dragon ever
 keeps
 His uninchantèd eye: around the
 verge
 And ſacred limits of this bliſſful
 ile

The jealous ocean that old river
 winds
 His far-extended arms, till with
 ſteep fall
 Half his waſte flood the wide
 Atlantic fills,
 And half the flow unfathom'd
 Stygian pool.
 But ſoft, I was not ſent to court
 your wonder
 With diſtant worlds and ſtrange
 removed climes.
 Yet thence I come, and oft from
 thence behold
 The ſmoke and ſtir of this dim
 narrow ſpot &c.

Theſe lines, I think, may ſerve as
 a ſpecimen of the truth of what
 Waller ſays,

Poets loſe half the praiſe they
 ſhould have got,
 Could it be known what they
 diſcreetly blot.

8. *Strive to keep up a frail and
 feveriſh being,*] This endeavor
 is in itſelf no fault ; it becomes ſo
 only as it is circumſtanc'd: and the
 Trinity Manuſcript gives this cir-
 cumſtance, which was therefore
 neceſſary

Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such,
 I would not foil these pure ambrosial weeds

15

With

necessary to the justness of the thought,

Beyond the written date of mortal change.

By the *written date* is meant Scripture, in which is recorded the abridged date of mortal life.

Warburton.

I am still inclin'd to think that this line is better omitted. For though it may not be a fault in itself to

Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,

yet it certainly is so to strive to keep it up

Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives:

and he could not have added

— the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change —

if he had said just before

Beyond the written date of mortal change:

and therefore I cannot but think that he blotted out this line not without reason.

11. *Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats.*] So this verse stands in Milton's Manuscript as well as in all his editions: and yet I cannot but prefer the reading of Mr. Fenton's edition,

Amongst *th'* enthroned Gods on fainted seats.

13. — *that golden key, &c*] This seems to be said in allusion to Peter's golden key, mention'd likewise in Lycidas 110.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (*The golden opes, the iron shuts a-*
main)

And this verse, which was first written *That shows &c*, afterwards alter'd,

That opes the palace of eternity,

Mr. Pope has transferr'd with a little alteration into one of his Satires, speaking of Virtue,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.

18. *But*

With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to several government, 25
And gives them leave to wear their saphir crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Ile,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
A

18. *But to my task &c.*] These four lines were thus in the Manuscript before they were alter'd.

But to my business now. Neptune,
whose sway
Of every salt flood, and each
ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and
nether Jove
The rule and title of each sea-girt
isle.

And they were alter'd with great

reason, no verb following the nominative case, *Neptune*.

22. *That like to rich and various gems inlay*

The unadorned bosom of the deep,]
The first hint of this beautiful passage seems to have been taken from Shakespear's Rich. II. Act 2. Sc. 1. where John of Gaunt calls this island by the same sort of metaphor,

— this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

28. — *the*

A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
 20 Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
 Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
 And new-intrusted scepter; but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 25 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defense and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 30 What never yet was heard in tale or song,

From

28. — *the best of all the main,*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from
 — *the best of all his empire.*

43. *And listen why, for I will tell you now*
What never yet was heard &c]
 Horace Od. III. I. 2.

Favete linguis: carmina non prius

Audita —

Virginibus puerisque canto.

Richardson.

Milton might justly enough say this, since Comus is a deity of his own making: but the same allegory has been introduc'd by most of the principal epic poets under other personages. Such are Homer's Circe, Ariosto's Alcina, Tasso's Armida, and Spenser's Acrasia.

From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Alluding to the ancient custom of poets repeating their own verses at public entertainments. Thyer.

45. From

94 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,
On Circe's island fell : (Who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,

Whom

45. *From old or modern bard,*] It was at first in the Manuscript,

By old or modern bard —

46. *Bacchus, that first &c*] Tho' he builds his fable on classic mythology, yet his materials of magic have more the air of enchantments in the Gothic romances.

Warburton.

48. *After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,*] They were changed by Bacchus into ships and dolphins, the story of which metamorphosis the reader may see in Ovid. Met. III. Fab. 8.

53. *And downward fell into a groveling swine*] Pope's expression is much superior,

Not more amazement feis'd on
Circe's guests
To see themselves fall endlong
into beasts. *Warburton.*

54. *This Nymph that gaz'd upon &c*] Milton by his use of the word in this place seems to favour the opinion of Minshew and those etymologists, who derive to gaze from the Greek *αυαζομαι*.

57. *Much like his father, but his mother more,*] This is said, because

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 95

Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
 Or

cause Milton's Comus like Homer's Circe represents all sensual pleasures, and Bacchus in the Heathen mythology only presides over that of drinking. *Thyer.*

58. *Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,*] This line was at first in the Manuscript,

Which therefore she brought up, and nam'd him Comus.

60.—*the Celtic and Iberian fields,*] France and Spain. *Thyer.*

62. *And in thick shelter of black shades —*] In Milton's Ma-

nuscript it is *shade*: and *covert* was written first, then *shelter*.

63. *Excels his mother at her mighty art,*] In the Trinity Manuscript he had first written *potent art*, which are Shakespear's words and better. *Warburton.*

65. *His orient liquor*] That is of an extreme bright and vivid color. *Warburton.*

67. — *through fond —*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from *through weak* intemperate thirst.

68. — *their human count'nance, Th' express resemblance of the Gods,*] The same thought is again very finely

Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before, 75

And

finely express'd in the following lines of this poem, where the attendant Spirit is describing to the two brothers the effects of this charmed cup.

— whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of
 him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a
 beast
 Fixes instead, *unmolding reason's*
mintage
Character'd in the face.

He gives us much the same idea in his *Paradise Lost*, where he calls the *human face divine*. III. 44.

Thyer.

72. *All other parts remaining as they were;*] It was at first in the Manuscript — *as before*. There is a remarkable difference in the transformations wrought by Circe and those by her son Comus. In Homer the persons are entirely changed, their mind only remaining as it was before, *Odyss.* X. 239.

Οἱ δὲ σὺν ἄνδρ' ἔχον κεφαλὰς,
 φωνὴν τε, δέμας τε,
 καὶ τεύχεα· αὐτὰρ νῆς ἴσ' ἐμπε-
 δότ', ὥς το παρ' ἑσπερ.

but here only their head or countenance is changed,

All other parts remaining as they were;

and for a very good reason, because they were to appear upon the stage, which they might do in masks. In Homer too they are sorry for the exchange *ver.* 241.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν κλαίωντες εἰρχατο—

but here the allegory is finely improv'd, and they have no notion of their disfigurement,

But boast themselves more comely than before,

And all their friends and native home forget.

This improvement upon Homer might still be copied from Homer, who ascribes much the same effect to the *Lotos*. *Odyss.* IX. 94.

τῶν δ' ὅσις λωτοιο φαγοὶ μελίη-
 δεα καρπὸν,
 οὐκ ἐτ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι πάλιν ἠθέ-
 λεν, ὅδε νέεσθαι.

ἀλλ' αὐτὲ βελονίῳ μετ' ἀνδρα-
 σὶ λωτοφαγοῖσι
 λωτὸν ἐρεπτομένοισι μῦθε μῦθε, νο-
 σῶν τε λαθεῖσθαι.

The

And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star

80

I

The trees around them all their
food produce,
Lotos the namé, divine, necta-
reous juce!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which
whoso tastes
Infatiate riots in the sweet re-
pasts,
Nor other home, nor other care
intends,
But quits his house, his country,
and his friends. Pope.

Or as Mr. Thyer conceives, it
might possibly be suggested to Mil-
ton by Spenser in his bower of
bliss, where relating how the Pal-
mer restor'd to human shape those
whom Acrasia had changed into
beasts, he says, B. 2. Cant. 12.
St. 86.

But one above the rest in special,
That had an hog been late (hight
Grill by name)
Repined greatly, and did him
miscall,
That had from hoggish form him
brought to natural.

78. — *when any favor'd of high
Jove*] Virgil Æn. VI. 129.
VOL. II.

— Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter —

80. *Swift as the sparkle of a
glancing star*] Minerva in her
descent in the fourth Iliad appear-
ed to the Grecian host like one of
those *glancing stars* which Homer
hath distinguish'd by its *emitting
sparkles* in its flight. ver. 75.

Ὅιον δ' ἀστὲρ ἥκε Κρονὸς παῖς
ἀκυλομήτεω,
Ἡ γαστήρι τερασ, ἢ σεστυ δ-
ρεῖ λαῶν,
Λαμπρὸν τε δέ τε πολλοὶ ἀπο-
σπινθήρεα ἰεῖναι.
Τῷ ἐκκεῖ νῆξεν ἐπιχθονα Παλ-
λας Ἀθην.

These lights were accounted in the
Pagan theology the *nimbus* or *glory*
of some deity descending. Servius
on Virgil Æn. V. 693.

— et de cælo lapsa per um-
bras
Stella facem ducens multa cum
luce cucurrit.

Nunc theologicam rationem sequi-
tur, [Poeta scil.] quæ adferit flam-
marum quos cernimus tractus, *nim-
bum esse descendantis numinis*.

Calton.

H

83. — *spun*

98 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his
 glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters,
 headed like fundry sorts of wild beasts, but other-
 wise

83. — *spun out of Iris woof,*] See *Paradise Lost*, XI. 244.

86. *Who with his soft pipe, &c*] These three lines were design'd as a compliment to Mr. H. Lawes who acted the attendant Spirit himself. Warburton.

90. *Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid*] In Milton's Manuscript it stands *Nearest and likeliest to &c.* It was at first — *to give present aid*; and *virgin steps*, which

was alter'd to *hateful steps*. Then follows in the Manuscript *Goes out.* And the title of the following scene runs thus. *Comus enters with a charming rod and glass of liquor, with his rout all beaded like some wild beasts, their garments some like mens and some like womens; they come on in a wild and antic fashion.* *In- trant κωμικοὶ οἷες.*

93. *The star that bids the shepherd fold,*] A pastoral way of counting

counting
 85.
 Coger
 mer
 Juffit,
 Oly
 and Geor
 Vesper
 ta re
 97. In
 So alter'd
 Tartarean

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 99

wife like men and women, their apparel glistering;
they come in making a riotous and unruly noise,
with torches in their hands.

C O M U S.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day

95

His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam

Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal

100

Of his chamber in the east.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.

Braid

counting time. So Virgil Ecl. VI.

85.

Cogere donec oves stabulis, nu-
merumque referre

Jussit, et invito processit Vesper
Olympo.

and Georg. IV. 434.

Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tec-
ta reducit.

97. *In the steep Atlantic stream*
So alter'd in the Manuscript from
Tartarean stream.

99. — *the dusky pole,*] In the
Manuscript it is *northern*: *dusky* is
the marginal reading.

100. *Pacing toward the other*
goal

Of his chamber in the east.] In al-
lusion to the same kind of meta-
phors employ'd by the Psalmist
XIX. 5. *The sun as a bridegroom*
cometh out of his chamber, and re-
joiceth as a strong man to run a race.

H 2

105. Braid.

100 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and four Severity
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The founts and seas, with all their finny drove, 115
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves

Trip

105. *Braid your locks with rosy
 twine,
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.]*
 This is perfectly in the spirit and
 manner of Anacreon, who used to
 be crown'd with roses, and anoint-
 ed with sweet ointments, while he
 was drinking. Od. 5.

Το ῥόδον το καλλιφυλλον
 Κεταφοισιν αρμοσαντες
 Πινομὴν ἀβρα γελωντες.

And again Od. 15. and in other
 places.

Εμοι μελει μυρσι
 Καταβρεχειν ὑπηνυ.

Εμοι μελει ῥοδοισι
 Καταβρεχεν καρπω.

108. *And Advice with scrupulous
 head,] It was at first in the Ma-
 nuscript,
 And quick Latw with her scrupu-
 lous head.*

110. *With their grave saws]*
*Saws, sayings, maxims. So Shake-
 spear. As you like it Act. 2. Sc. 9.*

Full of wise saws —

Hamlet. Act 1. Sc. 8.

I'll wipe away all trivial fond re-
 cords,

All saws of books —

114. *Lead*

Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come let us our rites begin, 125
 'Tis only day-light that makes fin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t'whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
 That

114. *Lead in swift round*] It was first written, *Lead with swift round* —

116. — *in wavering morrice move;*] The *morrice* or Moorish dance was first brought into England, as I take it, in Edward the third's time, when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist his father-in-law, Peter king of Castile against Henry the bastard. *Peck.*

117. *And on the tawny sands*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from *yellow sands*.

123. *Night hath better*] In the Manuscript *Night has better*.

129. *Dark-veil'd Cotytto,*] The Goddess of impudence, originally a strumpet, had midnight sacrifices at Athens. She is here therefore very properly said to be *dark-veil'd*. Her *dues* or rites were called *Cotyttia*, and her priests *Baptæ*; because they, who were initiated into her mysteries, were sprinkled with warm water. See *Peck*, and *Juvenal* II. 91.

*Talia secreta coluerunt orgia
 tæda
 Cecropiam soliti Baptæ lassare
 Cotytto.*

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale sun descry

Our

131. — *the dragon womb*] Alluding to the *dragons* of the night. See II *Penferoso* 59.

133. *And makes one blot of all the air,*] In the Manuscript he had first written *And makes a blot of nature*, and afterwards *And throws a blot o'er all the air*, and then corrected it as it stands at present.

134. *Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,* &c] In the Manuscript these lines at first run thus,

Stay thy *polisht* ebon chair,
 Till all thy dues be done, and
nought left out.

Afterwards these lines were added in the margin,

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate,
 And favor our close jocondrie,

and then alter'd to what they are at present.

140. *From her cabin'd loophole peep,*] So appearing to them who see the morning break from the midst of a wood, at *loopholes cut through thickest shade*. *Paradise Lost*, IX. 1110. *Cantic*. VI. 10. *Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?* II. 9. *My beloved looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattices*. Richardson. Milton here perhaps imitated Fletcher's beginning of his fifth Act of the *Faithful Shepherdess*.

See the blushing morn doth peep
 Through the window, while the
 sun &c.

141. — *the tell-tale sun*] Mr. Thyer and Mr. Richardson saw

Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Rund to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
And

saw with me, that this epithet alludes to the fable of the sun's discovering Mars and Venus in bed together, and telling tales to Vulcan. Odyss. VIII. 302.

Ἡελίος γὰρ οἱ σκοπιῶν εἶχεν,
εἶπε τε μυθόν.

143. Come, knit hands, and beat the ground

In a light fantastic round.] This sufficiently explains what is meant by the measure following; which, says Mr. Peck, is an old way of expression for the dance, as in Shakespear, King Henry VIII. Act 1. Sc. 7.

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor. —

In Milton's Manuscript the last line was thus at first,

With a light and frolic round.

And then follows, The measure in a wild, rude, and wanton antic.

145. — I feel the different pace &c] The following lines before they were alter'd in the Manuscript run thus,

— I bear the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Some virgin sure benighted in these woods,

And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazling spells into the spungy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,

And

For so I can distinguish by mine
 art.

Run to your shrouds within these
 brakes and trees;

Our number may affright.

And in the margin is written *They
 all scatter.*

151. — *wily trains* ;] Rightly
 alter'd from what he had first writ-
 ten in his Manuscript,

— Now to my *trains*,
 And to my *Mother's charms* —

for the charms described are not
 from the classical pharmacopœa,
 but the Gothic. Warburton.

153. — *Thus I hurl &c*] The
 lines following were thus in the
 Manuscript at first.

My powder'd spells into the spungy
 air

Of pow'r to cheat the eye with
sleight [or *blind*] illusion,

And give it false presentments,
else the place &c.

164. *And hug him into snares.*]
 So corrected in the Manuscript
 from

And hug him into *nets*.

167. *Whom thrift keeps up about
 his country gear.*] Here is a
 strange

And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocond flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds, 174
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,

In

strange mistake in the edition of the poems printed in 1673, which has implicitly been followed in some other editions. This whole verse is omitted, and the two following are transposed thus,

I shall appear some harmless villager,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

We have restored the true reading according to the author's Manuscript, and according to the first edition of the Mask in 1637, and

according to the first edition of the poems in 1645. The last line in some editions is varied thus,

And hearken, if I may her business hear.

But Milton's own is much properer and better,

And hearken, if I may, her business here.

170. —if mine ear] Manuscript, if my ear.

175. —granges full,] The Manuscript had at first *garnerers*, which was alter'd with judgment. Two rural scenes of festivity are alluded to,

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side 185
 To

to, the spring [*teeming flocks*] and the autumn [*granges full*] sheep-shearing and harvest-home. But the time when the *garner*s are full is in winter, when the corn is thrashed. Warburton.

179. *Of such late wassailers;*] An ingenious author, who should best know the force of English words, as he is employ'd in drawing up an English dictionary, gives this account of the origin of the word *wassailer*. *Hail* or *heil* for *health* was in such continual use among the good-fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *was-beiler* or a *wisher of health*, and the liquor was termed *was-beil*, because *health* was so often *wished* over it. Thus in the lines of Hanvil the monk,

Jamque vagante scypho, dis-
 cincto gutture was-beil,

Ingeminant *was-beil*: labor est
 plus perdere vini
 Quam fitis. —

These words were afterwards corrupted into *wassail* and *wassailer*. See Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth p. 41. So Shakespear in Hamlet. Act 1. Sc. 7.

The king doth wake to night,
 and takes his rouse,
 Keeps *wassail*, &c.

181. *In the blind mazes of this
 tangled wood?*] In the Manuscript it was at first

In the blind alleys of this arched
 wood.

189. *Like a sad votarist in palmer's
 weed,*] A *palmer* is a pilgrim,
 bearing branches of *palm* from the
 Holy

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
 And envious darknes, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else O thievish Night 195
 Why

Holy Land, whither he made a
 vow to go, and is therefore called
votarist. In *palmer's weed*, and so
 Spenser, *Faery Queen*. B. 2. Cant.
 1. St. 52.

— I wrapt myself in *palmer's*
weed.

In Milton's Manuscript it is *weeds*:
 and as he compares the *gray* even-
 ing to the palmer or pilgrim, so he
 does the *gray* morning for the
 same reason. *Paradise Regain'd*, IV.
 426.

— till morning fair
 Came forth *with pilgrim steps* in
amice gray.

190. — of *Phœbus' wain*.] In
 the Manuscript it was at first

— of *Phœbus' chair*.

193. *They had engag'd &c*] These

two lines run thus at first in the
 Manuscript.

They had engag'd their *youthly*
steps too far
To the soon-parting light, and en-
 vious darknes &c.

195. *Had stole them from me*;]
 In the Manuscript, and in the first
 edition of 1637 it is *stolne*.

195. — *else O thievish Night &c*]
 This is extremely low in the midst
 of a speech of so much gravity
 and dignity. But the candid reader
 will impute it, no doubt, to our
 poet's condescension to that pre-
 vailing fondness for this kind of
 false wit about the time in which
 he wrote.

Thyer.
 I suppose Dr. Dalton was of the
 same opinion, for he has omitted
 these lines in *Comus*, as he adapted
 it for the stage.

199. — to

Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And aery tongues, that syllable mens names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210

The

199. — *to give due light*] He had first written in the Manuscript *their light*.

207. *Of calling shapes, &c*] This is perfectly agreeable to the superstitious notions of that age, and to the manner of his master Shakespeare, as Mr. Thyer also observes: and we may add that so Fletcher in the Faithful Shepherdess Act 1. speaks

Of voices calling in the dead of night:

and Virgil Æn. IV. 460.

Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
 Vifa viri, ~~nox~~ cum terras obscura teneret.

208. — *that syllable mens names*] The Manuscript had first *that lute night-wanderers*; the other is the marginal reading.

214. *Thou hovering Angel &c*] In the

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong fiding champion, conscience. —
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honor unaffail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225

I

the edition of 1637 it was *flittering*:
 and so was it at first in the Manu-
 script too, where the following
 lines were thus written at first, and
 afterwards corrected.

And thou *unspotted* form of cha-
 stity;
 I see ye visibly, and while I see
 ye
This dusky hollow is a Paradise,
And Heav'n gates o'er my head:
 now I believe &c.

219. *Would send a glist'ring guar-
 dian*] In the Manuscript it was
 at first *Cherub*.

221. *Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable
 cloud &c*] This presents us with
 one of the noblest images in na-
 ture, and as beautifully expressed.
 The author seems to have been
 sensible of its charms, and has
 therefore contrived to repeat it;
 and so artfully, that the repetition
 adds a new grace to it.

Warburton.

229. — are

I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new inliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy aery shell, 231
 By flow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?

O

229. — *are not far off.*] In the Manuscript it is

— *are not far hence.*

231. *Within thy aery shell,*] The horizon. Warburton.

The edition of this Mask with alterations for the stage hath *cell* instead of *shell*: but the common reading is much the best. The nymph is seated in a convex vehicle of air, which on account of its form is called a *testudo* or *shell*. And as all sound is communicated by the air, the poet hath very naturally assign'd her this aery ve-

hicle, whereby to receive and return its various impulses. *Testudo* or *shell* being a name also for a musical instrument, a lyre, which could give no sound but when it was struck upon, the word beautifully alludes to the nature of this vocal nymph;

— *quæ nec reticere loquenti,
 Nec prior ipsa loqui poterat re-
 sonabilis Echo.*

Ovid. Met. III. 357. Calton.

I cannot but think *shell* the better word for the reasons assign'd:
 but

but ye
 Dr. D
 ton ha
 margin
 241.
 Milton
 nobler
 than a
 gifts.
 her fir
 ration c
 in cons
 just bef
 aery she
 (like ot

O if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

C O M U S.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they flote upon the wings

Of

but yet it may be said to justify Dr. Dalton's alteration, that Milton hath also written *cell* in the margin of his Manuscript.

241. — *daughter of the sphere,*] Milton has given her a much nobler and more poetical original than any of the ancient mythologists. He supposes her to owe her first existence to the reverberation of the music of the spheres; in consequence of which he had just before called the horizon her *aery shell*. And from the Gods (like other celestial beings of the

classical order) she came down to men. Warburton.

244. *Can any mortal mixture &c.*] Before these words there is in the Manuscript, *Comus looks in and speaks.*

249. *How sweetly did they flote upon the wings*

Of silence,] This is extremely poetical, and insinuates this sublime idea and imagery, that even silence herself was content to convey her mortal enemy, sound, on her wings, so greatly was she charmed with its harmony. Warburton.

251. *At*

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss

251. *At every fall smoothing the raven down*

Of darkness till it smil'd!] The poetical essence of darkness is to frown. — But what we are to suppose afforded this fine image to Comus, is that *sable cloud*, which the Lady says just at that time *turn'd forth her silver lining on the night*. Warburton.

In the Manuscript, and in the edition of 1637 we read

Of darkness till she smil'd.

254. *Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades &c*] It appears by the

Manuscript that this and the verse following were added after the rest in the margin. A *kirtle* is a woman's gown; a word used by Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespear in 2 Hen. IV. Act 2. Sc. 11. Falstaff says to Dol, What will you have a *kirtle* of? and in one of his Sonnets,

A cap of flowers, and a *kirtle*
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

256. — *would take the prison'd soul,*

And

I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, 264
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell't here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog 269
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

L A D Y.

Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

C O M U S.

And lap it in Elysium;] Sublimely
 express'd to imply the binding up
 its rational faculties, and is oppos'd
 to the *sober certainty of waking blifs.*
 But the imagery is taken from
 Shakespear who has employ'd it,
 in praise of music, on twenty occa-
 sions. *Warburton.*

257. — *Scylla wept,*
And chide &c.] He had first writ-
 ten,

— *Scylla would weep*
And chide, then Chiding her bark-
ing waves &c.
 VOL. II.

See *Paradise Lost*, II. 260. and
 1019. and the notes there.

268. *Dwell't here with Pan, &c.]*
 In the Manuscript he had written
 at first *Liv't here with Pan &c:*
 and see what he says of the Genius
 of the wood in *Arcades*, and com-
 pare it with this passage.

270. *To touch the prosp'rous growth*
of this tall wood.] We see by
 the Manuscript with what judgment
 Milton corrected. And in this
 view the publication of it by the
 learned and ingenious Mr. Birch
 was very useful. In this line the
 I Manu.

C O M U S.

What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

L A D Y.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

C O M U S.

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

L A D Y.

They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

C O M U S.

By falshood, or discourtesy, or why?

L A D Y.

To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.

C O M U S.

And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

L A D Y.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

C O M U S.

Manuscript had *prospering*, which Milton with judgment alter'd to *prosperous*; for *tall wood* implies *full grown*, to which *prosperous* agrees, but *prospering* implies it not to be full grown. Warburton.

279.—*from near-ushering guides?*] He had written at first *from their ushering hands*; and in the next verse, *They left me wearied*. The first alteration seems to be better than the last.

282. *To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.*] Here Mr. Sympson observed with me, that this is a different reason from what she had assign'd before ver. 186.

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit &c.

They might have left her on both accounts.

290. *As smooth as Hebe's their un-razor'd lips.*] Virgil *Æn.* IX.

181.

Ora

C O M U S.

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

L A D Y.

How easy my misfortune is to hit! 286

C O M U S.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

L A D Y.

No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

C O M U S.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

L A D Y.

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips: 290

C O M U S.

Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And

Ora puer primâ signans intonsa
juventâ. *Richardson.*

— sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis.

291. *Two such I saw, what time
the labor'd ox &c.*] In the Ma-
nuscript it is *Such two*: and the
notation of time is in the pastoral
manner, as in Virgil. Ecl. II. 66.

The Greeks have a single word
that expresses the whole very hap-
pily, βελυτ & *tempus quo boves sol-
vuntur*, as in Homer Iliad. XVI.
779.

Aspice, aratra jugo referunt sus-
pensa juvenci:

Ημ & δ' ηελι & μετενεισσειτο
βελυτονδ &.

and in Horace Od. III. VI. 41.

I 2

293. And

And the fwinkt hedger at his supper fat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:
 I took it for a faëry vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300
 And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
 To help you find them.

L A D Y.

Gentle Villager,

What

295. *And the fwinkt hedger*] The *fwinkt* hedger is the same as the *labor'd* ox, *tis'd*, *fatigu'd*. To *fwink* is to work, to labor, as in Spenser's Faery Queen, B. 2. Cant. 7. St. 8.

For which men *fwink* and sweat incessantly.

297. *Their port was more human, as they stood:*] We have followed the pointing of Milton's two editions in 1645 and 1673, which indeed we generally follow. The edition of 1637 points it otherwise,

Their port was more than human; as they stood, &c.

and this is follow'd by Dr. Dalton. Milton's Manuscript has no pointing here to direct us.

299. *Of some gay creatures of the element,*] In the north of England this term is still made use of for the sky. Tnyer.

301. *And play i'th' plighted clouds.*] By using *plighted* here, instead of the more common word *plaited*, an unpleasant consonance was avoided — and *play i'th' plaited* clouds. Spenser

What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

C O M U S.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

L A D Y.

To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practic'd feet. 310

C O M U S.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
Or

Spenser hath *plight* for *plait* or *plaigh*. Faery Queen B. 2. Cant. 3. St. 26.

All in a filken Camus lilly white,
Pursled upon with many a *folded*
plight:

and again Cant. 6. St. 7. *plight*
is a participle for *plaighted* or *plat-*
ted,

With gaudy garlands, or fresh
flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of
rushes plight. Calton.

304. *To help you find them.*] In the Manuscript he had written at first — *find them out*.

310. *Without the sure guess of—*] He alter'd the Manuscript, but he had written at first

Without *sure steering* of —

312. *Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood, &c.*] It was at first in the Manuscript *wide wood*. Here Mr. Seward imagines that Milton imitated Fletcher. Faithful Shepherdes. Act 4.

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
 From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

320

L A D Y.

Shepherd, I take thy word,

And

— and since have croft
 All these woods over, ne'er a
 nook or dell,
 Where any little bird or beast
 doth dwell,
 But I have fought him, ne'er a
 bending brow
 Of any hill, or glade the wind
 sings through &c.

But here are some words which
 want explanation. Mr. Peck as-
 serts that there is no such substan-
 tive in our language as *dingle*;
 but according to Bailey it is a nar-
 row valley between two steep hills,
 and Mr. Thyer of Manchester
 says, that the word is very com-
 monly used in that part of the
 kingdom, and Ben. Johnson has
 the word *dimble* in the same sense.
Dell is used by Fletcher at the be-
 ginning of the Faithful Shep-
 herdes, besides in the passage a-
 bove quoted,

Nor the shrill pleasing sound of
 merry pipes

Under some shady dell:

And by Spenser in his Shepherd's
 Calendar, March, speaking of a
 sheep,

Fell headlong into a dell.

It plainly signifies a steep place or
 valley, and is much the same as
dale. And every bosky bourn. *Bosky*
 is woody, from the Belgian *befche*
 and the Italian *bosco* a wood, says
 Skinner. It is used by Shakespear.
 Tempest Act 4. Sc. 3.

My bosky acres, and my un-
 shrubb'd down:

and 1 Hen. IV. Act 5. Sc. 1.

How bloodily the sun begins to
 peer

Above yon busky [bosky] hill!

Bourn is bound or limit from the
 French *borner*, and is thus used
 by Shakespear. Tempest. Act 2.
 Sc. 1.

Bourn,

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial

To

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vine-
yard, none.

Antony and Cleopatra. Act 1. Sc. 1.

I'll set a *bourn* how far to be be-
lov'd.

Hamlet. Act 3. Sc. 2.

That undiscover'd country, from
whose *bourn*

No traveller returns —

And in Lear Dover Cliff is called
chalky bourn, Act 4. Sc. 6.

From the dread summit of this
chalky bourn.

316. Or *shroud within these limits*,]
He had written at first

Within these *shroudie* limits —

321. *Till further quest*.] He had
added in the Manuscript *be made*,
but afterwards blotted it out,

Till further quest *be made*.

324. *With smoky rafters*,] It was

at first *And smoky rafters*. The
sentiment here is the same as in
Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, Cant.
14. St. 62. of the original, and 52
of Harrington's translation,

As courtesy oftimes in simple
bow'rs
Is found as great as in the stately
tow'rs.

325. *And courts of princes, where
it first was nam'd*,] This is
plainly taken from Spenser, Faery
Queen, B. 6. Cant. 1. St. 1.

Of court, it seems, men courtesy
do call,
For that it there most useth to
abound;

as Mr. Symphon perceiv'd with me.

329. — *and square my trial*]
The Manuscript had at first

— and square *this* trial:

and at the end of the speech is
Exeunt, and at the beginning of
I 4 the

Bourn,

To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

The two BROTHERS.

ELDER BROTHER.

Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up

With

the next scene, *The two brothers enter*: and in the Manuscript the two brothers are all along distinguished by 1 *Bro.* and 2 *Bro.*

332. *That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,*] Mr. Thyer and Mr. Richardson here saw with me, that there was an allusion to Spenser. Faery Queen. B. 3. Cant. 1. St. 43.

As when fair Cynthia, in dark-
some night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance
thin and light,
Breaks forth her silver beams,
and her bright head
Discovers to the world discom-
fited;
Of the poor traveller that went
astray,
With thousand blessings she is be-
ried.

333. *Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,*] Popular or philosophical opinions have their use indifferently in poetry. And which soever it be, that affords the most beautiful image, whether that founded in the truth of things, or in the deceptions of sense, that is always to be preferred. But poets have neglected this obvious rule, and have run into two extremes. Those who affect to imitate the Ancients only use the first, and those who affect to show their superior knowledge, only the second. *Warton.*

340. *With thy long lewell'd rule,*] It was at first in the Manuscript,

With a long lewell'd rule —

341. — *our star of Arcady, Or Tyrian Cynosure.*] Our greater or lesser bear-star. Calisto the daughter of Lycaon king of Ar-
cadia

With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2. BROTHER.

Or if our eyes

Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,

Or

cadia was changed into the greater bear called also *Helice*, and her son Arcas into the lesser, called also *Cynosura*, by observing of which the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their course, as the Grecian mariners did by the other. So Ovid. *Fast.* III. 107.

Esse duas Arctos; quarum Cynosura petatur
 Sidoniis, Helicen Graia carina notet.

Valerius Flaccus I. 17.

— neque enim in Tyrias Cynosura carinas
 Certior, aut Graiis Helice servanda magistris.

The *star of Arcady* may be explain'd to signify the lesser bear, and so Mr. Peck understands it: but Milton would hardly make use of two such different names for

the same thing, and distinguish them by the disjunctive *or* between them. The *star of Arcady*, like *Arcadium fidus*, may be a general name for the greater and the lesser bear, as in Seneca, *Oedip.* 476.

Quasque despectat vertice summo
 Sidus Arcadium, geminumque
 plaustrum :

but the following words *or Tyrian Cynosure* show evidently, that by the former is meant the greater bear, as by the latter is plainly meant the lesser.

344. *The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,*] *Folded flocks* makes the other part of the line a mere expletive. Had Milton wrote *bleating flocks*, what followed had been fine, and it had agreed better with what went before.

Warburton.

Or found of past'ral reed with oaten stops, 345
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears. 355
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp

Of

349. *In this close dungeon*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from

In this *sad* dungeon —

350. *But O that hapless Virgin,*
 &c] Instead of the lines from this
 to ver. 366. the Manuscript had
 these following,

But oh that hapless Virgin, our
 lost Sister,
 Where may she wander now,
 whither betake her
 From the chill dew *in this dead*
solitude?
or surrounding wild?

Perhaps some cold bank is her
 bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of
 some broad elm
She leans her thoughtful head
mus'ing at our unkindness,
Or lost in wild amazement and
affright
So fares, as did forsaken Proser-
pine,
When the big wallowing flakes of
pitchy clouds
And darkness wound her in.
 I Bro. Peace, Brother, peace.
 I do not think my Sister &c.

These lines were alter'd, and the
 others

Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

ELDER BROTHER.

Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360

For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,

And run to meet what he would most avoid?

Or if they be but false alarms of fear,

How bitter is such self-delusion? 365

I do not think my Sister so to seek,

Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,

And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,

As that the single want of light and noise

(Not

others added afterwards on a separate scrap of paper.

358. *Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?*] The hunger of savage beasts, or the lust of men as savage as they. This appears evidently from the context to be the sense of the passage; and I should not have mention'd it, if two very ingenious persons had not mistaken it. The alliteration might help perhaps to determin Milton to the choice of this word; and *lust* would have been too strong an expression for the younger brother, who rather insinuates than openly declares his fears.

359. — *be not over-exquisite To cast the fashion*] A metaphor taken from the founder's art.

Warburton.

361. *For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,*] This line obscures the thought, and loads the expression. It had been better out, as any one may see by reading the passage without it.

Warburton.

362. — *his date of grief,*] The Manuscript had at first

— *the date of grief.*

365. — *such self-delusion?*] It was at first — *this self-delusion.*

371. *Could.*

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea funk. And wisdom's self 375
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where with her best nurse contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
 He that has light within his own clear breast

May

371. *Could stir the constant mood*] The Manuscript had *stable*, but Milton corrected it to *constant mood*; for *stable* gives the idea of *rest*, when the poet was to give the idea of *action* or *motion*, which *constant* does give. Warburton.

373. *Virtue could see to do what virtue would*

By her own radiant light, &c]

This noble sentiment was inspir'd from Spenser, as Mr. Richardson and Mr. Thyer perceiv'd with me. Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 1. St. 12.

Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade.

375. — *And wisdom's self &c]* Mr. Pope has imitated this thought;

and (as was always his way when he imitated) improved it.

Bear me some God! oh quickly
 bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse
 of sense:
 Where contemplation prunes her
 ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to
 pity kings.

Mr. Pope, I say, has not only improved the harmony but the sense. In Milton, *contemplation* is called the *nurse*; in Pope, more properly *solitude*: in Milton *wisdom* is said to *prune her wings*; in Pope, *contemplation* is said to do it, and with much greater propriety, as she is of a *soaring* nature, and on that account

May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. BROTHER.

'Tis most true, 385
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,

Or

account is called by Milton himself
the *Chirub Contemplation*
Warburton.

376. *Oft seeks to sweet retired
solitude,*] At first he had writ-
ten the verse thus,

Oft seeks to solitary sweet retire.

381. *He that has light &c*] This
whole speech is a remarkably fine
encomium on the force of virtue:
but there is something so vastly
striking and astonishing in these last
five lines, that it is impossible to
pass them over without stopping to
admire and enjoy them. I don't
know any place in the whole circle
of his poetical performances, where
dignity of sentiment and sublimity
of expression are so happily united.

Thyer.

384. *Benighted walks &c*] In-
stead of these two lines the poet
had written at first,

Walks in black vapors, though
the noontide brand
Blaze in the summer solstice.

Afterwards he blotted them out,
and made this alteration much for
the better.

388. — *of men and herds,*] It
was at first — *men or herds.*

390. *For who would rob &c*]
These two lines at first stood thus
in the Manuscript.

For who would rob a hermit of
his beads,
His books, his hairy gown, or
maple dish.

400, — *as*

Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye, 395
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers treasure by an out-law's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person

400. — *as bid me hope*] The first reading was,
 — *as bid me think.*

403. *Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.*] The verse was at first,

Uninjur'd in this *vast and hideous* wild:

and at present it stands in the Manuscript,

Uninjur'd in this *wide* surrounding waste:

and I know not whether *wide* is not better than *wild*, which seems to be sufficiently implied in *waste*

409. *Secure without all doubt, or controversy:*

Yet where an equal poise &c.] Instead of these lines are the following in the Manuscript.

Secure without all doubt or question; no:
I could be willing though now i'th dark to try

A

Of our unowned Sister.

ELDER BROTHER.

I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My Sister is not so defenseless left
 As you imagin ; she' has a hidden strength 415
 Which you remember not.

2. BROTHER.

What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELDER

*A tough encounter with the shag-
 gieft ruffian,
 That lurks by hedge or lane of this
 dead circuit,
 To have her by my side, though I
 were sure
 She might be free from peril where
 she is.
 But where an equal poise of hope
 and fear &c.*

*For encounter he had written at first
 passed, and for hope and fear, hopes
 and fears.*

413. — *squint suspicion.*] Allud-
 ing probably in this epithet to Spen-
 ser's description of *Suspicion* in his
Mask of Cupid. Faery Queen, B. 3.
Cant. 12. St. 15.

For he was foul, ill-favored and
 grim,
 Under his eye-brows looking still
 ascaunce &c. *Thyer.*

415. *As you imagin ; &c*] This
 verse is redundant in the Manu-
 script,

As you imagin, Brother ; she has
 a hidden strength.

421. *She*

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity: 420

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity, 425

No

421. *She that has that, is clad in complete steel, &c]* He has finely improved here upon Horace Od. I. XXII. 1.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
&c:

and the phrase of *complete steel* is borrow'd from Shakespear. Hamlet speaking to the Ghost. Act 1. Sc. 7.

— What may this mean,
That thou, dead coarſe, again
in *complete steel*
Reviſiteſt thus the glimpſes of the
moon?

And the lines following, before they were corrected, were thus in the Manuscript,

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And may on every needful accident,
Be it not done in pride or wilful
tempting,

Walk through huge forests, and
unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy per-
ilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays
of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or
mountaneer
Shall dare to soil her virgin pu-
rity.

422. *And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen]* I make no doubt but Milton in this passage had his eye upon Spenser's *Belphebe*, whose character, arms, and manner of life perfectly correspond with this description. What makes it the more certain is, that Spenser intended under that personage to represent the virtue of *Chastity*. Thus in the introduction to the third book of his *Faery Queen*, complimenting his virgin sovereign Queen Elizabeth, he says
But either Gloriana let her choose,
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to be: In

No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That

In th' one her rule, in th' other her
 rare chastity. *Thyer.*

424. *Infamous hills,*] Expressed
 from Horace Od. I. III. 20.

Infames scopulos Acroceraunia.

428. *Yea there,*] In the Manu-
 script it is *Yea ev'n where &c.*

429. *By grots; and caverns shagg'd
 with horrid shades,*] This verse
 Mr. Pope has adopted in his *Eloisa*
 to Abelaud.

*Ye grots, and caverns shagg'd
 with horrid thorn.*

430. *She may pass on with un-
 blench'd majesty,*] So Hamlet
 speaking of the king, at the con-
 clusion of Act the second,

— I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he
 but blench,
 I know my course. — *Thyer.*

432. *Some say no evil thing that
 walks by night, &c.]* There are
 VOL. II.

several such beautiful allusions to
 the vulgar superstitions in Shake-
 spear; but here Milton had his eye
 particularly on Fletcher's *Faithful*
Shepherdesse, Act 1. He has bor-
 row'd the sentiment, but raised and
 improved the diction.

Yet I have heard, my mother
 told it me,
 And now I do believe it, if I
 keep
 My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure,
 chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, faery, elf,
 or fiend,
 Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts
 the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain
 illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle
 fires: &c.

433. — *or moorish fen,*] The
 Manuscript has *moory fen*: and in
 the next line for *meager hag* was at
 first *wrinkled hag*.

K

435. *That*

That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time, 435
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but fet at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men 445

Fear'd

435. *That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,*] A *laid* ghost indeed might be said to be bound in *magic chains*, because the popular superstition was that they were laid by the charms of magicians. But this is an *unlaid ghost*, on which account I suppose the poet wrote *mythic chains*. Warburton.

436. — *swart faery of the mine,*] *Swart* or *swarthy*. See the note on *Paradise Lost*, I. 684.

441. *Hence had the huntress &c.*] Milton, I fancy, took the hint of this beautiful mythological interpretation from a dialogue of Lucian's betwixt Venus and Cupid, where the mother asking her son how, after having attack'd all the other deities, he came to spare Mi-

nerva and Diana, Cupid replies, that the former look'd so fiercely at him, and frighten'd him so with the Gorgon head which she wore upon her breast, that he durst not meddle with her — και ορα δε δειμυ, και επι της σιθους εχει περσωπον τι φοβερον, εχιδναις κατακομον, ον περ εγω μαλιστα δεδιδαι μορμολυτjεται γαρ με, και φδω οταν ιδω αυτο. p. 84. Ed. Bourdelot — and that as to Diana she was always so employ'd in hunting, that he could not catch her — εδε καταλαβειν αυτην οιονjε, φδω γεσαν αει δια των ορων. Ibid.

Thyer.

445. *The frivolous bolt of Cupid;*] *Bolt* was anciently a very common term for *arrow*. Witness the old proverb,

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th'
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455

Driving

proverb, The fool's bolt is soon
shot. Peck.

448. — *unconquer'd virgin,*] He
wrote at first *eternal*, then *unvan-*
quish'd, at last *unconquer'd*; and with
great propriety, for in Greek au-
thors Minerva is often called *αδ-
μας* & *δεα*, and *παρθεν* & *αδ-
μυς*.

452. *With sudden adoration, and
blank awe?*] It was at first,

With sudden adoration of her
purity:

this he alter'd to of *bright rays*, and
then to *and blank awe*.

453. *So dear to Heav'n is faintly
chastity, &c]* So Spenser, re-
lating how Florimel, in danger of
being ravished, was deliver'd by

Proteus, breaks out into a reflec-
tion of the same kind. Faery
Queen, B. 3. Cant. 8. St. 29.

See how the Heav'n's of volun-
tary grace,
And sovereign favor towards
chastity,
Do succour send to her distressed
case:

So much high God doth inno-
cence embrace. Thyer.

454. *That when a soul is found
sincerely so,*] It was at first in
the Manuscript,

That when it finds a soul sincere-
ly so.

The alteration makes the sense ra-
ther plainer.

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin, 465
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,

Imbodies,

461. *The unpolluted temple of the mind,*] For this beautiful metaphor he was probably indebted to Scripture. John II. 21. *He spake of the temple of his body.* And Shakspear has the same. *Tempest*, Act 1. Sc. 6.

There's nothing ill can dwell in
 such a temple.
 If the ill spirit have so fair an
 house,
 Good things will strive to dwell
 with't.

462. *And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,*] This is agreeable to the system of the materialists, of which Milton was one.

Warburton.

The same notion of *body's working up to spirit* Milton afterwards introduced into his *Paradise Lost*, V. 469. &c. which is there, I think, liable to some objection, as he was entirely at liberty to have chosen a more rational system, and as it is also put into the mouth of an Arch-Angel. But in this place it falls in so well with the poet's design, gives such force and strength to this encomium on chastity, and carries in it such a dignity of sentiment, that however repugnant it may be to our philosophic ideas, it cannot miss striking and delighting every virtuous and intelligent reader, *Thyer.*

465. *But*

Imbodies, and imbrates, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchers,
 Ling'ring, and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

2. BROTHER.

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,

And

465. *But most by leud and larvisb*
act of sin,] In the Manuscript
 it is *And most &c*: and instead of
leud and larvisb he had written at
 first,

And most by *the lascivious act* of
 sin.

467. *The soul grows clotted &c]*
 Our author has here improved his
 poetry by philosophy. These no-
 tions of the soul's growing corpo-
 real by indulging corporeal plea-
 sures, and of its being seen after
 death among tombs and sepulchers,
 as if it still longed after the body,
 are borrow'd from Plato's Phædo.
 See Plato's Works, Vol. I. p. 81.

and 83. Edit. Henr. Steph. And
 when the other Brother replies

How charming is *divine philo-*
sophy!

he means the philosophy of Plato,
 who was distinguish'd among the
 Ancients by the name of the *divine*.

472. *Ling'ring, and sitting by a*
new made grave,] In the Ma-
 nuscript, and in the edition of 1637,
 it is

Hovering, and sitting &c.

478. *But musical as is Apollo's*
lute,] Milton probably took
 this comparison from Shakespear,
 Love's Labor's Lost, Act 4. Sc. 4.

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, 479
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

Lift, lift, I hear
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

2. BROTHER.

Methought so too; what should it be?

ELDER BROTHER.

For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

2. BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELDER

tho' there it is apply'd upon another occasion.

— as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung
with his hair.

He has something of the same
thought again in Paradise Regain'd,
I. 479.

Smooth on the tongue discours'd,
pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or
song.

480. — *Lift, lift, I hear &c*] He had written at first,

— *Lift, lift, methought I heard &c:*
and in the Manuscript is a marginal direction, *hallow far off.*

485. *Some roving robber calling to his fellows.*] The Trinity Manuscript had at first,

Some curl'd man of the sword calling &c:

which alluded to the fashion of the Court

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll hallow ;
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,
Defense is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you ? speak ;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else. 491

SPIRIT.

What voice is that ? my young Lord ? speak again.

2. BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
And

Court Gallants of that time : and
what follows continues the allu-
sion,

Had best look to his forehead,
here be brambles.

But I suppose he thought it might
give offense : and he was not yet
come to an open defiance with the
court. Warburton.

489. *Defense is a good cause, and*
Heav'n be for us.] This verse
was well substituted in the room of
that just quoted,

Had best look to his forehead, here
be brambles.

And then follows in the Manuscript,
He hallows, the guardian Dæmon
hallows again, and enters in the ha-
bit of a shepherd.

491. — *iron stakes*] It was at
first in the Manuscript, *pointed*
stakes.

494. *Thyrsis ? whose artful strains*
&c] This no doubt was intended
as a compliment to Mr. Lawes up-
on

And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.
 How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling weather the pent flock forfook?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy, 501
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought. 506
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPIRIT.

on his musical compositions; and a very fine one it is, and more genteel than that which we took notice of before, as that was put into his own mouth, but this is spoken by another.

496. — of the dale.] In the Manuscript it was at first

— of the valley.

497. *How cam'st thou here, good Swain? &c*] In the Manuscript it is *good Shepherd*: but that agrees not so well with the measure of the verse. And in the next verse the Manuscript had at first *Leapt o'er the pen*, which was corrected into *Slipt from his fold*, as it is in the Manuscript, or *the fold*, as in all the editions.

509. To

509
 Sadly,
 word i
 author
 541. w

512.
 He ha
 berd: l
 Thyrsis

SPIRIT.

Ay me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis ? Prethee briefly shew.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 516
Of dire chimera's and enchanted iles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer

By

509. *To tell thee sadly, Shepherd.*] before address'd him by the name
Sadly, soberly, seriously, as the of *Shepherd*.
word is frequently used by our old 513. *I'll tell ye;*] In the Manu-
authors, and in *Paradise Lost*, VI. script, and edition of 1637 it is,
541. where see the note. *I'll tell you.*

512. *What fears, good Thyrsis ?*] 520. *Within the navel*] That is
He had written at first *good Shep-* in the midst, a phrase borrow'd
berd: but this was alter'd to *good* from the Greeks and Latins.
Thyrsis for variety, as he had just 523. *Deep skill'd*] He had writ-
ten at first *Enur'd*.

530. *Cha-*

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage
 Character'd in the face; this have I learnt 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sence
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This

530. *Charáct'er'd in the face;*] The word is often pronounced with this accent by our old writers. So Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 3. Cant. 3. St. 14.

And writing strange *charáct'ers* in the ground.

So Shakespear, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2. Sc. 10.

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly *charáct'er'd* and in-grav'd.

And 2 Henry VI, Act 3. Sc. 4.

Show me one scar *charáct'er'd* on thy skin.

531. — *i'th' hilly crofts,*] He had written at first *i'th' pastur'd lawns*, which agrees not so well with what follows.

534. *Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,*] This comparison in all probability was form'd from what Virgil says of Circe's island, Æn. VII. 15.

Hinc

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
 Had ta'en their supper on the favory herb
 Of knot-grafs dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drousy flighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;

At

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque
 leonum
 — ac formæ magnorum ululare
 luporum :
 Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæ-
 va potentibus herbis
 Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga
 ferarum.

542. *Of knot-grafs dew-besprent,*
 This species of grafs is men-
 tion'd in Shakespear's *Midsum-*
mer Night's Dream, Aët 3. Sc. 7.
 And *dew-besprent* is sprinkled with

dew. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calen-*
dar December,

My head *besprent* with hoary frost
 I find.

Fairfax, *Cant.* 12. St. 101.

His silver locks with dust he foul
besprent.

545. *With flaunting honey-suckle,*] It
 was at first *spreading* or *blowing*.

553. — *the drousy flighted steeds,*
That draw the litter of close-cur-
tain'd sleep;] So I read *drousy-*
flighted

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul

Under

frighted according to Milton's Manuscript; and this genuin reading Dr. Dalton has also preserved in *Comus*. *Drousy-frighted* is nonsense, and manifestly an error of the press in all the editions. There can be no doubt that in this passage Milton had his eye upon the following description of night in Shakespear, 2 Henry VI. Act 4. Sc. 1.

And now loud howling wolves
 arouse the jades,
 That drag the tragic melancholy
 night,
 Who with their drousy, slow,
 and flagging wings
 Clip dead mens graves —

The idea and the expression of *drousy-frighted* in the one are plainly copied from *their drousy, slow, and flagging wings* in the other: and Fletcher in the Faithful Shepherdess has much the same image, Act 4.

Night, do not steal away: I woo
 thee yet
 To hold a hard hand o'er the
 rusty bit

That guides thy lazy team.

And as Mr. Thyer farther observes, the epithet also of *close-curtain'd sleep* was perhaps borrow'd from Shakespear, Macbeth, Act 2. Sc. 2.

— and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep.

555. *At last a soft and solemn breathing sound &c*] No doubt but that our poet in these charming lines imitated his favorite Shakespear, Twelfth Night at the beginning.

That strain again, it had a dying fall;

O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odor. —

Thyer.

Before these two lines were corrected as they are at present, the author had written them thus,

At

Under the ribs of death : but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 565
 And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through

At last a *sweet* and solemn breath-
 ing sound
 Rose like a steam of *slow* distill'd
 perfumes.

557. — *that even Silence &c*] We see in these three lines the luxuriance of a juvenile poet's fancy ; there is something more correct and manly in three words upon a like occasion in the *Paradise Lost*, IV. 604.

Silence was pleas'd —

But in a young genius there should always be something to lop and prune away. As Cicero says *De Orat.* II. 21. *volo esse in adolescentem, unde aliquid amputem.* If there is not something redundant in youth, there will be something deficient in age.

561. — *that might create a soul Under the ribs of death :*] The general image of creating a soul by harmony is again from Shakespeare. But the particular one of a soul under the ribs of death, which is extremely grotesque, is

taken from a picture in Alciat's emblems, where a soul in the figure of an infant is represented within the ribs of a skeleton, as in its prison. This curious picture is presented by Quarles. *Warburton.* *That might create a soul*, that is, says Mr. Sympfon, *recreate ava-ψυχην :* and Mr. Theobald proposed to read *recreate*,

And took in strains might *recreate*
 a soul :

but I presume they knew not of the allusion just mention'd.

563. *Too well I did perceive*] In the Manuscript it is

Too well I *might* perceive —

565. — *harrow'd with grief and fear,*] So in Shakespeare, *Hamlet* Act I. Sc. 1. Horatio of the Ghost,

— it *harrows* me with fear
 and wonder.

And Sc. 8. the Ghost to Hamlet,

I could a tale unfold, whose
 lightest word
 Would *harrow* up thy soul.

574. *The*

Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

2. BROTHER,

O night and shades, 580
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, Brother?

ELDER

574. *The aidless innocent Lady*] At first he had written *helpless*, but alter'd it, that word occurring again within a few lines afterwards.

589. *Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,*] Milton seems in this line to allude to the famous answer of the philosopher to a ty-

rant, who threaten'd him with death, *Thou mayest kill me, but thou canst not hurt me.* And it may be observed, that not only in this speech, but also in many others of this poem, our author has made great use of the noble and exalted sentiments of the Stoics con-

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely ; not a period 585
 Shall be unpaid for me : against the threats
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd ; 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed : if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
 May

concerning the power of virtue. body, and after a while disappear
Thyer. again, which they suppose to be the
 597. *Self-fed, and self-consumed :*] scum of that fiery matter, which
 This image is wonderfully fine. first breeds it, and then breaks thro'
 It is taken from the conjectures and consumes it. *Warburton.*
 of astronomers concerning the dark 598. *The pillar'd firmament*] See
 spots, which from time to time Paradise Regain'd, IV. 455. and
 appear on the surface of the sun's the note there.

May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the footy flag of Acheron,
 Harpyes and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

604

SPIRIT

605. — *or all the monstrous forms*] In Milton's Manuscript, and the edition of 1637 it is — or all the monstrous *bugs*; which word was in more familiar use formerly, and hence *bugbear*.

607. — *to restore his purchase back,*] He had written at first
 — *to release his new-got prey.*

608. — *to a foul death,*
Curs'd as his life.] In the Manuscript, and in the edition of 1637 it is

— *and cleave his scalp*
Down to the hips:

and he has preserved the same image in his Paradise Lost, speaking of Moloch, VI. 361.

Down cloven to the waste, with
shatter'd arms
 And uncouth plain fled bellowing:

and no wonder he was led to it by his favorite romances, and his favorite plays. Johnson has the same image in the Fox, Act 3. Sc. 8.

— O that his well driv'n sword
 Had been so covetous to *have*
cleft me down
Unto the navel.

And Shakespear in Macbeth, Act 1. Sc. 2.

Till he unseam'd him *from the*
nave to th' chops.

I know Mr. Warburton reads here

— *from the nape to th' chops,*

and supports it very ingeniously: but if any alteration were necessary, I should rather read

Till he unseam'd him *from the*
chops to th' nape.

Nay Shakespear carries it so far
 as to make Coriolanus cleave men
 down

S P I R I T.

Alas! good ventrous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And crumble all thy finews.

E L D E R

down from head to foot. Coriola-
 nus, Act 2. Sc. 6.

— his sword, (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took from
 face to foot.

But notwithstanding these instances,
 I believe every reader will agree
 that Milton alter'd the passage
 much for the better in the edition
 of 1645.

Or drag him by the curls to a
 foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

610. — and bold emprise;] See
 the same, Paradise Lost, XI. 642.
 Spenser uses the word, Faery Queen,
 B. 2. Cant. 3. St. 35.

— whose warlike name
 Is far renown'd through many a
 bold emprise.

And Fairfax, Cant. 2. St. 77.
 Vol. II.

If you achieve renown by this
 emprise.

611. But here thy sword can do
 thee little stead; &c] Virgil
 Æn. II. 521.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensori-
 bus istis
 Tempus eget:

See Æn. VI. 290. Tasso, Cant. 15.
 St. 49. Richardson.
 Before the poet had corrected this
 line, he had written,

But here thy steel can do thee
 small avail.

614. He with his bare wand can
 unthred thy joints,
 And crumble all thy finews.] He
 had written at first,

He with his bare wand can un-
 quilt thy joints,
 And crumble every finew.

L

623. He

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prethee, Shepherd, 615
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He

623. *He lov'd me well, &c*] I
 cannot help thinking that Milton
 design'd here a compliment to his
 schoolfellow and friend Charles
 Deodati, who was bred to the study
 of physic, and had an exceeding
 love for our author,

*Pectus amans nostri, tamque fi-
 dele caput,*
Eleg. prim. ad Deodatum.

and us'd to hear him repeat his
 verses,

*Te quoque pressa manent patriis
 meditata cicutis,*
*Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis
 instar eris.*

Eleg. sext. ad Deodatum.

and sometimes explain'd to him the
 nature and virtues of simples,

*Tu mihi percurres medicos, tu
 gramina, succos,
 Helleborumque, humilesque cro-
 cos, foliumque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas,
 artesque medentum.*
Epitaph. Damonis.

627. — *of a thousand names,*]
 It was at first

— *of a thousand hues.*

632. *But in another country, as he
 said,*
*Bore a bright golden flow'r, but
 not in this soil:*

Unknown, and like esteem'd, &c]
 So these verses are read in Milton's
 own Manuscript, and in all his edi-
 tions. For *like esteem'd* we have in
 Mr. Fenton's edition *little esteem'd*,
and

He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grafs
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasy, 625
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unfightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:

Unknown,

and Mr. Warburton proposes to read *light esteem'd*: and Mr. Seward in Note 25 upon the Faithful Shepherdes has very ingeniously reformed the whole passage thus.

But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flow'r, but in this soil

Unknown and *light esteem'd*.

The middle verse indeed hath a redundant syllable; and before I had seen or heard of Mr. Seward's emendation, I had proposed either to leave out the monosyllable *not*,

Bore a bright golden flow'r, but in this soil

Unknown and like esteem'd;

or to leave out the monosyllable

but, to avoid its recurring in two lines together,

But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flow'r, not in this soil:

Unknown, and like esteem'd, &c.

But then on the other hand it must be said, that such redundant or hypercatalectic verses sometimes occur in Milton. We had one a little before, ver. 605.

Harpyes, and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms.

And for *like esteem'd* I think it may be defended without any alteration. Unknown and *like esteem'd*, that is *Unknown* and *unesteem'd*. Unknown and esteem'd accordingly.

L 2

635. — clouted

Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; 635
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovran use 639
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or

635. — *clouted shoon*;] So Shakespear, 2 Henry VI. Act 4. Sc. 3. Cade speaks,

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none, but such as go in *clouted shoon*.

636. *And yet more med'cinal is it &c*. At first he had thus written these two lines,

And yet more med'cinal than that *ancient Moly*
Which Mercury to wise Ulysses gave.

Our author hath formed the plan of this poem very much upon the episode of Circe in the *Odysses*; and here he himself plainly points out the parallel between them. The characters of Circe and her son Comus very much resemble each other. They have both of them a potent wand and enchanting cup, and the effects of both are much the same: and they are both to be opposed in the same manner with force and violence. Mercury

bids Ulysses to rush upon Circe with his drawn sword as if he would kill her. *Odyss. X. 294.*

Δη τότε συ ξιφει οξυ ερυσσας
μυθη παρκα μιν
Κιρκη επιειξαι, ωσε κτασθαι
μυθεαιων.

and the attendant Spirit exhorts the two Brothers to assault Comus in the same manner,

— with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade rush on him &c.

And they are both overcome in the same manner, Circe by the virtues of the herb *Moly* which Mercury gave to Ulysses, and Comus by the virtues of *Hæmony* which the attendant Spirit gives to the two Brothers. But the parallel holds no farther. Our author varied here from his original with great judgment. The Lady is released in a much more decent and modest manner than the companions of Ulysses.

638. He

Or ghastly furies apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,

Till now that this extremity compell'd :

But now I find it true; for by this means

I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off: if you have this about you,

(As

638. *He call'd it Hæmony, &c*] I conceive this to be neither the *Anemone* nor the *Hemionion* described by Pliny, tho' their names are something alike: and it is in vain to inquire what it is; I take it to be (like the *Moly* to which it is compar'd) a plant that grows only in poetical ground. It cannot be the *Hemionion* particularly, because Pliny says that this bears no flower. —

Hemionion vocant, spargentem junco-
cos tenues, folia parva, asperis locis
nascentem, austero sapore, nunquam
florentem. Lib. 25. Sect. 20. nec caulem,
nec florem, nec semen habet. Id. Lib. 27.
Sect. 17. And yet Mr. Thyer imagins it to be
the same, and what in English we call
Spleenwort: and if his conjecture be
admitted, his subsequent reasoning is
very ingenious. It is no unusual thing,
says he, to find in the old writers upon
the nature of herbs this virtue attributed
to certain plants; but I can meet with no
authority for Milton's imputing it to
Hæmony or *Spleenwort*. Perhaps

it may be thought refining too much to conjecture, that he meant to hint, that, as this root was esteemed a sovran remedy against the spleen, it must consequently be a preservative against enchantments, apparitions, &c, which are generally nothing else but the sickly fancies and imaginations of vapourish and splenetic complexions.

647. — *if you have this about you, &c*] In the Manuscript the following lines were thus written at first, and afterwards corrected.

(As I will give you *as we go* [or
on the way]) you may
Boldly assault the *necromantic* hall;
Where if he be, with *sudden violence*
And brandish'd *blades* rush on
him, break his glass,
And *pour* the luscious *posion* on
the ground,
And seize his wand.

L 3

651. — *break*

150 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

(As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battel make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with
 all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables
 spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his
 rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to
 whom

651. — *break his glass*
And shed the luscious liquor on the
ground,
But seize his wand;] This is in
 imitation of Spenser, Faery Queen,
 B. 2. Cant. 12. St. 49. where Sir
 Guyon serves Pleasure's porter in
 the same manner.

But he his idle courtesy defy'd,
 And overthrew his bowl disdain-
 fully,

And broke his ~~staff~~, with which he
 charm'd semblants fly.

657. — *I'll follow thee, &c.]*
 In the Manuscript it is *I follow thee*,
 and the next line was at first,

And good Heav'n cast his best
 regard upon us.

And then in the Manuscript the
 stage direction is as follows. *The*
scene changes to a stately palace set
out with all manner of deliciousness,
tables

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 151

whom he offers his glafs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.

C O M U S.

Nay, Lady, fit ; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaſter, 660
And you a ſtatue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

L A D Y.

Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good. 665

C O M U S.

Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleaſures
That

tables ſpread with all dainties. Comuſ is diſcover'd with his rabble: and the Lady ſet in an enchanted chair. She offers to riſe.

661. *And you a ſtatue, &c]* In the Manuſcript it was at firſt,

And you a ſtatue *fixt*, as Daphne
was

Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

662. — *Fool, do not boaſt,*] He had written thus at firſt,

Fool, *thou art over-proud*, do not
boaſt.

And this whole ſpeech of the Lady, and the firſt line of the next ſpeech of Comuſ were added in the margin; for before, the firſt ſpeech of Comuſ was continued thus,

Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Why do you frown? &c.

668. — *See here be all the plea-*

ſures

L 4

That

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. 671
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
 Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
 In

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts, &c.] This is a thought of Shakespear's, but vastly improved by our poet in the manner of expressing it. *Romeo and Juliet, Act 1. Sc. 3.*

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparel'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads. *Thyer.*

673. *That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds.]* This is an allusion to Prov. XXIII. 31. *Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; as well as another passage that we noted in Samson Agonistes.*

675. *Not that Nepenthes, &c.]* This *Nepenthes* is first mention'd and described by Homer, and we must fetch our account of it from the original author. *Odyss. IV. 219,*

Ἐνθ' αὐτ' ἀλλ' ἐποίησ' Ἑλένη Διὸς
 ἐκ γέγαυια.

Αὐτικ' ἀρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμα-
 κον, ἐνθεν ἐπινον,
 Νηπενθες τ' ἀχολοῖε, κακὰν ἐ-
 πιληθὼν ἀπαντῶν.
 Ὅς το καταβροῦξεν, ἐπὶ κρη-
 τναι μίγνεν,
 Οὐκ ἀν ἐφημεῖ· ὅ γε βαλοῖ κα-
 τὰ δακρυ παρειῶν,
 Οὐδ' αἰ οἱ κατατεθναῖν μητρὶ
 τε πατρὶ τε,
 Οὐδ' αἰ οἱ περπαρεῖεν ἀδελφε-
 οῖ, ἢ φίλων υἱοῖν,
 Χαλκῷ δ' ἡϊόων, ὃ δ' οὐθαμοῖσιν
 ὄρωτο.
 Τοια Διὶ θυγάτηρ ἔχε φάρ-
 μακα μητιόεντα,
 Ἐδά, τα οἱ Πολυδάμνα παρῶν
 Θων· παρκαοῖτις,
 Αἰγυπλίην·

Mean time with genial joy to
 warm the soul,
 Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-
 inspiring bowl:
 Temper'd with drugs of sovereign
 use t' assuage
 The boiling bosom of tumultu-
 ous rage;

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,

And

To clear the cloudy front of
wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful fluces of de-
spair:
Charm'd with that virtuous
draught, th' exalted mind
All sense of woe delivers to the
wind.
Tho' on the blazing pile his pa-
rent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his
life away,
Or darling son oppress'd by rus-
sian force
Fell breathless at his feet, a
mangled corse,
From morn to eve, impassive
and serene,
The man intranc'd would view
the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the
joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from
Thone's imperial wife,
Who sway'd the scepter, where
prolific Nile &c. Fenton.

Notwithstanding the length of this
quotation, I cannot forbear citing

Spenser's description of this cordial,
and the moral improvement that
he has made of it. Faery Queen,
B. 4. Cant. 3. St. 43.

Nepenthe is a drink of sov'reign
grace,

Devis'd by the Gods, for to as-
suage

Heart's grief, and bitter gall
away to chace,

Which stirs up anguish and con-
tentious rage:

Instead thereof sweet peace and
quiet age

It doth establish in the troubled
mind.

Few men, but such as sober are
and sage,

Are by the Gods to drink thereof
assign'd;

But such as drink, eternal happi-
ness do find.

679. *Why should you &c*] Instead
of the nine following lines, which
were added afterwards in the Ma-
nuscript, there was only this at first,

*Poor Lady thou hast need of some
refreshing*

That hast been tir'd all day &c.

689. — *bus*

And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition 685
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted ; but fair Virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

L A D Y.

'Twill not, false traitor, 690
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver ;
 Hast

689. — *but fair virgin,*] It was
 at first — *here fair virgin*

695. *These ugly-headed monsters?*] In Milton's Manuscript, and in his editions it is *oughly* or *oughly*, which is only an old way of writing *ugly*, as appears from several places in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and from Shakespear's *Sonnets* in the edition of the year 1609: and care must be taken that the word be not

mistaken, as some have mistaken it, for *owly-headed*, Comus's train being *headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts*.

698. — *and base forgery?*] In the Manuscript *forgeries*.

702. — *none*

But such as are good men can give good things,] This noble sentiment Milton has borrow'd from Euripides. *Medea*, ver. 618.

K~~xxx~~

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute? 700
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

C O M U S.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering

ΚΑΝΕ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν δῶπ' οὐκ ἔστι
 οὐκ ἔστι.

707. To those budge doctors of the
 Stoic fur,] The Trinity Ma-
 nuscript had at first Stoic gown,
 which is better; for budge signifies
 furr'd: but I suppose by Stoic fur
 Milton intended to explain the other
 obsolete word, tho' he fell upon a
 very inaccurate way of doing it.

Warburton.

710. Wherefore did Nature pour
 her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdraw-
 ing hand,] Silius Italicus. XV. 55.

Quantas ipse Deus lætos gene-
 ravit in usus
 Res homini, plenaque dedit bo-
 na gaudia dextra? Richardson.

712. Covering

Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with: if all the world 720
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,

And

712. *Covering the earth &c*]
 These verses were thus at first in the
 Manuscript,

Covering the earth with odors,
 and with fruits,
 Cramming the seas with spawn in-
 numerable,
 The fields with cattel, and the air
 with fowl, &c.

717. *To deck her sons,*] So he had
 written at first, then alter'd it to
 adorn, and afterwards to deck again.

719. *She hutcht,*] That is, *col-
 fer'd*. Warburton.

721. — *feed on pulse,*] So it
 was at first, then *fetches*: but I sup-
 pose the alliteration of *f*'s offend-
 ed, and then he restor'd *pulse* again.

727. *And live like Nature's ba-
 stards, not her sons,*] In the
 Manuscript it was at first,
Living as Nature's bastards, not
her sons,

which latter is an expression taken
 from Heb. XII. 8. *then are ye ba-
 stards, and not sons.*

730. — *dark*

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility,
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
 plumes, 730

The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th'unfought
 diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be horded,

But

730. — *darkt with plumes,*]
 The image taken from what the
 Ancients said of the air of the
 northern islands, that it was clogg'd
 and darken'd with feathers.

Warburton.

732. *The sea o'erfraught &c*]
 Mr. Warburton remarks, and I agree
 with him, that this and the
 four following lines are exceeding
 childish: and they were thus written
 at first,

The sea o'erfraught would heave
her waters up

Above the shore, and th'unfought
 diamonds
 Would so bestud *the center with*
their star-light,
 And so imblaze the forehead of
 the deep,
Were they not taken thence, that
 they below
 Would grow inur'd to *day,* and
 come at last &c.

737. — *and be not cosen'd*] In
 the Manuscript

— *nor be not cosen'd.*

743. *If*

158 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

But must be current, and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
 Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown 745
 In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The

743. *If you let slip time, like a neglected rose*

It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.] It was at first,

It withers on the stalk, and fades away.

Here Mr. Thyer concurr'd with me in observing, that Milton had probably in view a most beautiful comparison of the same kind in Tasso, Cant. 16. St. 14 and 15. which Spenser has literally translated, B. 2. Cant. 12. St. 74 and 75. the application and concluding lines of which are these,

Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet is prime,
 For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower;
 Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,

Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime:

or as they are translated by Fairfax,

O gather then the rose, while time thou hast,

Short is the day, done when it scant began,

Gather the rose of love, while yet thou may'st

Loving, be lov'd; embracing, be embrac'd.

And Shakespear to the same purpose in Venus and Adonis,

Make use of time, let not advantage slip,

Beauty within itself would not be wasted.

Fair flow'rs that are not gather'd in their prime,

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

748. *It*

P
 The
 Wh
 Lov
 The
 Thin
 I
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 written

The sampler, and to teafe the hufwife's wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or treffes like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts, 754
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

L A D Y.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules prankt in reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760
 And

748. *It is for homely features to keep home,*] The same turn and manner of expression is in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, at the beginning;

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

749. — *coarse complexions*] It was at first *coarse beetle-brows*.

751. *The sampler, and to teafe &c*] In the Manuscript it is

The *sample*, or to teafe the hufwife's wooll.

The word *teafe* is commonly used in a metaphorical sense, but here we have it in its proper and original signification, *carpere, vellere*. See Skinner, Junius, &c.

755. *Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.*] He had written at first,

Think what, and look upon this cordial julep,

and then followed the verses which are inserted from ver. 672 to 705.

756. *I had not thought &c*] The six following lines are spoken aside. *Symphon.*

759. — *prankt in reason's garb.*] Dressed, clad. So Shakespear,

— your high self,
 The gracious mark o' th' land,
 you have obscur'd
 With a swain's wearing, and me,
 poor lowly maid,
 Most Goddes-like *prankt* up.

Winter's Tale. Peck.

760. *I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,*] That is, *sift*. So Chaucer,

But

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she good caterefs
 Means her provision only to the good, 765
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude

Crams,

But I ne cannot *boulie* it to the
brenne. Warburton.

I rather understand it, to *dart*, to
shoot: as we had before Cupid's
bolt ver. 445. and we read in Chau-
cer, Miller's Tale, ver. 156.

Long as a mast, and upright as
a *bolt*:

and according to the proverb, a
fool's *bolt* is soon shot, and Junius
derives the word from the Greek
βαλλω jacio.

779. — Shall

779.
hence
speech,
are not
added
785.
m
V 6

Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrin of Virginitie,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And

779. — *Shall I go on?*] From notions about love and chastity hence to ver. 806. in Comus's speech, that is twenty-seven verses are not in the Manuscript, but were added afterwards.

785. *The sublime notion, and high mystery, &c.*] That Milton's nuus, where he is defending himself
 V o L. II. M

And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
 shake,
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

C O M U S.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
 But this will cure all strait, one sip of this

Will

self against the charge of lewdness, which his adversaries had very unjustly laid against him. *Thyer.*

800. *She fables not, &c.]* These six lines too are aside, but I would point the first thus. *She fables not, I feel that; that is I feel that she does not fable &c. Sympsen.*

807. *This is mere moral babble.*

&c.] These lines were thus at first in the Manuscript.

This is mere moral stuff, the very lees

And settlings of a melancholy blood:

But this will cure all strait, &c.

814. *What, have you let the false inchanter scape?]* Before this verse

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest
his glass out of his hand, and break it against
the ground; his rout make sign of resistance,
but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit
comes in.

S P I R I T.

What, have you let the false inchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand 815
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 820
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,

The

verse the stage direction is in the
Manuscript as follows. *The Bro-*
thers rush in, strike his glass down;
the shapes make as though they would
resist, but are all driven in. Dæmon
enters with them. And the verse
was thus at first,

What, have you let the false in-
chanter pass?

816. — *without his rod revers'd,*
It was at first

— without his art revers'd.

818. — *The Lady that sits here]*
In the Manuscript it was at first *that*
remains, and is that here sits.

821. *Some other means I have*
which &c] He had written at
first *There is another way that &c.*

M 2

823. *The*

The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
stream, 826

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;

Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,

That had the scepter from his father Brute.

She guileless damsel flying the mad pursuit

Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830

Commended her fair innocence to the flood,

That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.

The

823. *The soothest*] The truest, faithfullest. *Sooth* is truth. *In sooth* is indeed. *Sooth-sayer* one that foretells the truth, divinus, veridicus. And therefore what this *soothest* shepherd teaches may be depended upon.

826. *Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure*;] In the Manuscript it was at first *a virgin Goddess*, then *a virgin chaste*, and at last *a virgin pure*. Lochrine, king of the Britons, married Guendolen the daughter of Corineus, Duke of Cornwall: but in secret for fear of Corineus, he loved Estrildis, a fair captive whom he had taken in a battle with Humber king of the Huns, and had by her a daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabrina. But when once his fear was

off by the death of Corineus, not content with secret enjoyment, divorcing Guendolen, he makes Estrildis now his queen. Guendolen all in rage departs into Cornwall — and gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battle to her husband by the river Sture; wherein Lochrine shot with an arrow ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen, for Estrildis and her daughter Sabrina she throws into a river; and to leave a monument of revenge, proclames that the stream be thenceforth call'd after the damsel's name, which by length of time is changed now to *Sabrina* or *Severn*. This is the account given by Milton himself in the first book of his History of England: but here

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B. 2. C

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The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her strait to aged Nereus hall, 835
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve

Vifits

here he takes a liberty very allowable to poets (as Mr. Thyer expresses it) and varies the original story of this event, in order to brighten the character of *Sabrina*, whom he is about to introduce as the patroness and protector of chastity. It would perhaps be agreeable to the reader to see Spenser's account of the same event, and he may find it in the Faery Queen, B. 2. Cant. 10. St. 17, 18, 19.

But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adown the rolling river she did pour,
 Which of her name now Severn men do call:
 Such was the end that to disloyal love did fall.

829. *She guiltless damsel*] We prefer the reading of the Manuscript and the editions of 1637 and 1645: that of 1673 has *The guiltless damsel &c.*, which is followed by some others.

831. — *to the flood,*] So he wrote at first, and then *to the stream*, and then *to the flood* again; and rightly as *stream* is the last word of a verse a little before and a little after.

834. *Held up their pearled wrists &c.*] In the Manuscript these verses were thus at first,

Held up their ~~white~~ wrists to receive her in,
 And bore her strait to aged Nereus hall.

839. *And through the porch and inlet of each sense*] The same metaphor

166 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays, 849
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,

And

metaphor in Shakespear. Hamlet,
 Act 1. Sc. 8.

And in the *porches* of mine ears
 did pour &c.

846. *That the shrewd meddling
 elfe &c]* That is Puck or Ro-
 bin-Goodfellow, whose character
 and qualifications are described in
 Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's
 Dream. Act 2. *Delights to make*,
 at first he had written *to leave*; and
 in the Manuscript is the following
 verse,

*And often takes our cattel with
 strange pinches,
 Which she with precious &c.*

849. — *in rustic lays,*] Rightly
 alter'd from *lively* or *lovely* lays.

851. *Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy
 daffadils.*] This line was at first,

*Of pancies, and of bonny daffa-
 dils.*

853. *The clasping charm, &c]* At
 first the verse was thus,

*Each clasping charm, and secret
 holding spell.*

856. *To*

And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

860

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lillies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honor's sake,

Goddeſs of the ſilver lake,

865

Listen and ſave.

Listen and appear to us

In name of great Oceanus,

By

856. *To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,*] Alluding perhaps to the Danaid's invocation of Pallas, wherein they uſe the ſame argument, ver. 155.

Αδμντας αδμντα
ΠυσιΘ γερεδω.

i. e. virgo virginem liberet. Vid. ſcholia in locum. *Thyer.*

857. *In hard-beſetting need;*] It was at firſt, *In honor'd virtue's cauſe;* and this was alter'd in the Manuſcript to *In hard diſtreſſed need.*

867. *Listen and appear to us &c*] Before theſe verſes there is wrote in the Manuſcript, *to be ſaid.* — The attendant Spirit firſt invok'd Sabrina in warbled ſong; and now he adds the power of ſome adjuring verſe, both which he ſaid he would try: and in the reading of this adjuration by the ſea-deities it will be curious to obſerve how the poet has diſtinguiſh'd them by the epithets and attributes which are peculiarly aſſign'd to each of them in the beſt clafſic authors. *Great Oceanus,* ſo in Heſiod. Theog. 21.

M 4

Ωκεανος

By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestic pace,

870
By

Ωκεανον τε μεγαλν. Neptune and his mace or trident are very well known, and th' earth-shaking is the translation of that common Greek epithet ενοσιχθων, or εννοσιγαιθ. Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, and mother of the Gods, may well be supposed to have a grave majestic pace;

Ωκεανον τε θων Νησειν, και
μυτερα Τηθυι.

Hom. Iliad. XIV. 201.

and Hesiod calls her the venerable Tethys, ποτνια Τηθυς. Theog. 368. By hoary Nereus wrinkled look, and he had call'd him before ver. 835. aged Nereus; and so he is call'd in all the poets, as in Virgil, Georg. IV. 392. Grandævus Nereus. Hesiod assigns the reason, Theog. 233.

Νηρεα τ' αψιδεα και αληθεια
γενεατο Πονηθ,

Πρεσβυτατον παιδων αυταρ κα-
λεσσι γεβηλα,

Οωικα νημερτης τε και ηπιθ,
εδε δεμισεων

Ανηθεται, αλλα δικαα και ηπια
δνωεα οιδεν.

Nereum autem alienum à menda-
cio & veracem genuit Pontus,
Maximum natu filiorum: sed vo-
cant senem,

Eo quod verus atque placidus,
nec juris et æqui

Obliviscitur, sed iusta & mansue-
ta consilia novit.

He may be called hoary too on ano-
ther account; for as Servius re-
marks on Virgil Georg. IV. 403. Pere omnes Dii marini senes sunt, albet enim eorum capita spumis aquarum. And the Carpathian wi-
sard's book, Proteus who had a cave at Carpathus, an island in the Me-
diterranean over-against Egypt, and was a wisard or prophet, and was Neptune's shepherd, and as such bore a book. Virgil Georg. IV. 387.

Est in Carpathio Neptuni gur-
gite vates,

Cæruleus Proteus, —

— novit namque omnia vates,
Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox
ventura trahantur.

Quippe ita Neptuno visum est:
immania cujus

Armenta, et turpes pascit sub
gurgite phocas.

By scaly Triton's winding shell, he
was Neptune's trumpeter, and was
scaly, as all these sorts of creatures
are, squamis modo hispido corpore,
etiam qua humanam effigiem habent,
as Pliny says, Lib. 9. Sect 4. and
his winding shell is thus described by
Ovid, Met. I. 333.

Cæruleum Tritonâ vocat, con-
chæque sonaci

Inspirare jubet —

— cava buccina sumitur illi
Tortilis, in latum quæ turbine
crescit ab imo.

And

By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wifard's hook,

By

And old sooth-faying Glaucus spell, he
was an excellent fisher or diver,
and so was feigned to be a Sea-
God: and Aristotle writes that in
Delos he prophesied to the Gods,
Αειστοτελης δ' εν τη Δηλιων πολι-
τεια, εν Δηλω κατοικησαντα με-
τα των Νηρηιδων τοις θεοις μι-
τλειδαν, and Nicander says that
Apollo himself learned the art of
prediction from Glaucus, Νικαν-
δρῳ εν πρωτω Αιτωλικων τινω
μαλινλω φησιν Απολλωνα υπο
Γλαυκου διδαχθηναι, as they are
cited by Athenæus, Lib. 7. cap. 12.
And Euripides calls him the sea-
mens prophet and interpreter of
Nereus, Orestes ver. 363.

Ὁ ναυτιλοισι μαντις ἐξηγήει
μοι
Νηρεως πεποιητης Γλαυκῷ, α-
ΐδης θεῷ.

and Apollonius Rhodius gives him
the same appellation, Argonaut.
I. 1310.

Τοισιν δὲ Γλαυκῷ βρυχινε δ-
λῷ ἐξεφαανθη,
Νηρηῷ θεοιο πολυπραδμων ὑ-
ποφητης.

By Leucothea's lovely hands, and her
son &c. Ino, flying from the rage
of her husband Athamas who was
furiously mad, threw herself from
the top of a rock into the sea, with
her son Melicerta in her arms; but
Neptune at the intercession of Ve-

nus changed them into sea-deities,
and gave them new names, *Leuco-*
thea to her, and to him *Palæmon*.
Ovid. Met. IV. 538.

Annuit oranti Neptunus, et ab-
stulit illis
Quod mortale fuit, majestatem-
que verendam
Imposuit, nomenque simul fa-
ciemque novavit,
Leucothæeque deum cum matre
Palæmona dixit.

She being *Leucothea* or the *white*
Goddess may well be supposed to
have *lovely hands*, which I pre-
sume the poet mention'd in oppo-
sition to *Thetis' feet* afterwards:
and her son *rules the strands*, having
the command of the ports, and
therefore being called in Latin *Por-*
tumnus, as the mother was *Matuta*,
the Goddess of the early morning.
Ovid Fast. VI. 545.

Leucothæe Graiis, Matuta voca-
bere nostris,
In portus nato jus erit omne
tuo.
Quem nos Portumnus, sua lin-
gua Palæmona dicet,
Ite, precor, nostris æquus uter-
que locis.

By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet, this the
poet meant as a paraphrase of the
word *αργυροπεζα* or *silver-footed*,
the epithet by which she is usually
distinguish'd in Homer: and the *Si-*
rens are introduced here, as being
sea-

By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-faying Glaucus spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis tinsel-flipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 885
 From thy coral-paven bed,

And

sea-nymphs, and singing upon the coast. *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were two of the Sirens; and for this reason, I suppose the four verses relating to them are scratch'd in the Manuscript. *Parthenope's tomb* was at Naples, which was therefore call'd *Parthenope*; *Parthenope à tumulo Sirenis appellata*. Plin. Lib. 3. Sect. 9. Silius Ital. XII. 33. Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus —

Ligea was another of the Sirens, and is also the name of a sea-nymph mention'd by Virgil. Georg. IV. 336. and the poet draws her in the attitude, in which mermaids are usually represented. Ovid of Salmacis, Met. IV. 310.

Sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus;
 Sæpe Citoriaco deducit pectine crines;
 Et quid se deceat, spectatas consulit undas.

889. *Listen and save.*] The repetition

petition
 and 8
 brina
 lus's
 Dariu
 and 6

Bar

890
 Wh

what
 God i
 Act 3.

And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and
fings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays; 895
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet

O'er

petition of the prayer ver. 866
and 889 in the invocation of Sa-
brina is similar to that of Æschy-
lus's Chorus in the invocation of
Darius's shade. Persæ ver. 666
and 674.

ΒΑΤΗΕ ΠΑΤΕΡ ΑΝΑΚΕ ΔΑΨΕΑΝ, οί.
Thyer.

890. *By the rusby fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the
osier dank, &c]* This is some-
what in imitation of the River-
God in the Faithful Shepherdess.
Act 3.

I am this fountain's God; below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers
set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they
glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even't channel out.
&c.

895. *That in the channel strays;]*
In the Manuscript it was at first

That my rich wheels inlays.

910. *Brightest*

O'er the cowslips velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.

900

S P I R I T.

Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

905

S A B R I N A.

Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity :
Brighteſt Lady, look on me ;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breſt

910

Drops

910. *Brighteſt Lady,*] It was at
firſt *Virtuous Lady*.

The word is found in Chaucer,
Spencer, and many others. *Calton*.

913. *I have kept of precious cure,*] If the reading be right, the meaning muſt be — ſome drops of a very healing power. But I think it would do good to the verſe, as well as the language, to throw out the c and read *wre*, i. e. *uſe*.

918. *I touch with chaſte palms]* So Clorin heals the faithful Shepherdſs Act 5.

With ſpotleſs hand on ſpotleſs
breſt
I put theſe herbs, to give thee
reſt.

921. To

Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 915
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of
 her seat.

S P I R I T.

Virgin, daughter of Locrine
 Sprung of old Anchises line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss 925
 From

921. *To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.*] See Milton's History of England Book I. He had written at first,

To wait on Amphitrite in her bow'r. 924. *May thy brimmed waves &c*] I should rather think *brined*, i. e. made salt by the mixture of sea-

923. *Sprung of old Anchises line,*] water. *Brimmed* may indeed signify waves that rise to the *brim* or margin of the shore: but it is a strange word. Warburton. At first he had written *crystal*, but alter'd

For Locrine was the son of Brutus, who was the son of Silvius, he of Ascanius, and Ascanius of Æneas, a Trojan prince, son of Anchises.

From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills:
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tow'r and terras round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

930

935

Come,

alter'd it, that word occurring again within a few verses.

927. *That tumble down the snowy hills:]* It was at first,

That tumble down from snowy hills.

928. — or *singed air*
Never scorch thy tresses fair,] Sure we should read

— or *scorching air*
 Never *singe* thy tresses fair.

Warburton.

936. *And here and there thy banks upon &c]* In this line *banks* is the nominative case, as *head* was in the last but one. The sense and syntax of the whole is, May thy head be crown'd round about with

towers and terrasses, and here and there [may] thy *banks* [be crown'd] upon with groves &c. *Επισκοπὴ σοι αἱ οὐχθαί*. The phrase is Greek.

Calton.

We are all of us apt to grow fond of the authors, whom we particularly study; and therefore Mr. Seward generally prefers (for beauty and delicacy tho' not for pomp and majesty) the passages in the Faithful Shepherdess which Milton has imitated to Milton's imitations of them: but here he himself is forced to allow, that this address to Sabrina is better than Amoret's to the God of the river upon a like occasion, and Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first. Act 3.

For

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the forcerer us entice 940
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needles found,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide, 945
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate

His

For thy kindness to me shown,
 Never from thy banks be blown
 Any tree, with windy force,
 Cross thy streams, to stop thy
 course:
 May no beast that comes to drink,
 With his horns cast down thy
 brink;
 May none that for thy fish do
 look,
 Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
 Barefoot may no neighbour wade
 In thy cool streams wife nor maid,
 When the spawn on stones do lie,
 To wash their hemp, and spoil
 the fry.

Mr. Seward farther remarks, that
 the construction of the two last of
 Milton's lines is a little difficult.

To crown her head with towers is
 true imagery; but to crown her
 head upon her banks, will scarcely
 be allowed to be so. He would
 therefore put a colon instead of a
 comma at the last line but two,
 and then read

And here and there thy banks
 upon
 Be groves of myrrhe, and cin-
 namon.

And after these verses is added in
 the Manuscript, *Song ends.*

948. *Where this night are met in
 state*] In the Manuscript it

was at first,

Where this night are come in
 state.

951. *All*

His wish'd presence, and beside 950
 All the swains that near abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chear; 955
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the
 President's castle; then come in country dancers,
 after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Bro-
 thers and the Lady.

S O N G.

S P I R I T.

Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play, Till

951. *All the swains that near
 abide*] So we read in Milton's
 Manuscript, and this reading we
 prefer to that of all the editions,

All the swains that *there* abide.

956. *Come let us haste, &c*] These
 two lines were thus at first in the
 Manuscript,

Come let us haste, the stars *are*
 high,
 But night *reigns* monarch yet in
 the mid sky.

And then *Exeunt*, and the fol-
 lowing stage-direction, *The Scene
 changes, and then is presented Ludlow
 town and the President's castle; then
 enter country dances and such like gam-
 bols, &c. At those sports the Dæ-
 mon with the two Brothers and the
 Lady enter. The Dæmon sings.*

962. *Of lighter toes, &c*] In the
 Manuscript these lines were thus at
 first,

*Of nimbler toes, and courtly guise,
 Such as Hermes did devise.*

964. *With*

P
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 Isa. H
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 Bible.
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 word
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 An
 Vol.

Till next sun-shine holiday ;
 Here be without duck or nod 960
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This second Song presents them to their Father and
 Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own ;
 Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth, 970
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And

964. *With the mincing Dryades*]
 Isa. HI. 16. *The daughters of Zion*
are haughty, and walk with stretch'd
forth necks, and wanton eyes, walk-
ing and mincing as they go, or trip-
ping nicely as in the margin of the
Bible. Richardson.

965. — *on the leas.*] An old
 word for pastures or corn-fields.
 Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar, July.

Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowly leas.
 Vol. II.

Shakespear, Tempest Act 4. Sc. 3.

Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy
 rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches,
 oats, and pease.

Henry V. Act 5. Sc. 3.

— her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock, and rank
 fumitory

Doth root upon. —

971. *Their faith, their patience,*]
 The title to this song in the Ma-
 nuscript

And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance. 975
 The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

SPIRIT.

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air 980
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:

Along

manuscript is only 2 Song: and here he had written at first *patience*, and then *temperance*, and then *patience* again; and this latter is the better because of *intemperance* following.

973. *With a crown of deathless praise,*] At first he had written,

To a crown of deathless bays.

And in the Manuscript the stage-direction following is *The Dæmon sings or says*.

976. *To the ocean now I fly, &c*] This speech is evidently a para-

phrase on Ariel's song in the Tempest, Act 5. Sc. 3.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I &c. Warburton.

979. *Up in the broad fields of the sky:]* And so in Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 888.

Aëris in campis latis —

At first he had written *plain fields*.

982. *Of Hesperus, and his daughters three*] He had written at first,

Of

Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocond Spring, 985
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 That there eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990
 Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purfled scarf can shew, 995
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (Lift mortals, if your ears be true)

Beds

Of *Atlas* and his *nieces* three.

Hesperus and Atlas were brothers.

984. *Along the crisped shades &c*] These four lines were not at first in the Manuscript, but were added afterwards, I suppose when he scratched out those lines which we quoted at the beginning.

990. *About the cedarn alleys fling Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.*] In the Manuscript, these two lines were thus at first,

About the *myrtle* alleys fling
Balm and *Cassia's* fragrant smells.

992. *Iris there with humid bow*] He had written at first *garnisht* or *garish* bow.

995. *Than her purfled scarf can shew, &c*] *Purfled* is florish'd or wrought upon with a needle, from the old French *pourfiler*. The word occurs in Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 2. St. 13.

A goodly lady clad in scarlet red
Purfled with gold and pearl of rich assay;

and in other places. And in the Manuscript
 N 2

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;
 But far above in spangled sheen

1000

Celestial

Manuscript the following lines were
 thus at first,

Yellow, watchet, green, and blew,
 And drenches oft *with manna*
 dew

or *with Sabæan* dew

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where *many a Cherub* soft reposes.

All that relating to Adonis and
 Cupid and Psyche was added af-
 terwards.

999. *Where young Adonis oft re-
 poses, &c*] Here Milton has
 plainly copied and abridged Spen-
 ser in his description of the gar-
 dens of Adonis. Faery Queen, B. 3.
 Cant. 6. St. 46—50.

Stanza 46.

There wont fair Venus often to
 enjoy
 Her dear Adonis joyous com-
 pany,
 And reap sweet pleasure of the
 wanton boy ;
 There yet some say in secret he
 doth lie,
 Lapped in flowers and precious
 spicery, &c.

Stanza 48.

There now he liveth in eternal
 blifs,
 Joying his Goddeſs, and of her
 enjoy'd ;
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe
 of his,
 Which with his cruel tuſk him
 deadly cloy'd : &c.

Stanza 49.

There now he lives in everlasting
 joy,
 With many of the Gods in com-
 pany,
 Which thither haunt, and with
 the winged boy
 Sporting himself in ſafe felicity :
 &c.

Stanza 50.

And his true love, fair Psyche,
 with him plays,
 Fair Psyche to him lately recon-
 cil'd,
 After long troubles and unmeet
 upbrays,
 With which his mother Venus
 her revil'd,
 And eke himself her cruelly
 exil'd :

But

Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd, 1005
After her wand'ring labors long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side

Two

But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both Gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

as an adjective, as in Spenfer, Faery Queen. B. 2. Cant. 1. St. 10.
To spoil her dainty corse so fair and *sheen*:
and again Cant. 2. St. 40.

If the reader desires a larger account of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, he may find it in Apuleius.

That with her sovereign power and scepter *sheen*
All faery lond does peaceable susteen.

1002. — *th' Assyrian queen*;] Venus is so called because she was first worshipped by the Assyrians. Pausanias Attic. Lib. 1. cap. 14. *πλησιον δε ιερον εστιν Αφροδιτης Ουρανίας. πρωτοις δε ανθρωπων Ασσυριοις κατεση σεβειναι τιν Ουρανιαν* and from the Assyrians other nations derived the worship of her. *μετα δε Ασσυριοις, Κυπειων Παφιοις, και Φοινικων τοις Ασκαλωνα εχουσιν εν τη Παλαιστινη. παρ δε Φοινικων, Κυθνιοι μαθοντες σεβουσιν.* Edit. Kuhnii. p. 36.

But Milton uses it as a substantive both here and before in ver. 893. *the azurn sheen*, and in several other places; and he makes *sheeny* the adjective, as in the verses On the death of a fair infant. St. 7.

Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
Of *sheeny* Heav'n, &c.

In using *sheen* for a substantive Milton has the authority of Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act 3. Sc. 6.

And thirty dozen moons with borrowed *sheen* &c.

1003. — *in spangled sheen*] I think this word is commonly used

N 3

1012. But

Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010

Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,

I can fly, or I can run

Quickly to the green earth's end,

Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend, 1015

And from thence can soar as soon

To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,

Love Virtue, she alone is free,

She

1012. *But now my task is smoothly done, &c*] He had written at first,

Now my *message* [or *business*] *well* is done,

I can fly, or I can run &c.

The Satyr in the Faithful Shepherdess sustains much the same character and office as the attendant Spirit in the Mask, and he says to the same purpose, Act 1.

I must go, and I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun:

and in the conclusion his taking leave is somewhat in the same manner,

— shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently
make

Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
&c.

But what follows in Milton is of a strain superior to Fletcher.

1014. — *the green earth's end,*
Cape de Verd Iles. *Symphon.*

1018. *Mortals that would follow me, &c*] The moral of this poem is very finely summ'd up in these concluding six verses; the thought contain'd in the two last might probably be suggested to our author by a passage in the table of Cebes, where *Patience* and *Perseverance* are represented stooping and stretching out their hands to help up those who are endeavoring to climb the craggy hill of Virtue, and yet are too feeble to ascend of themselves, *Thyer.*

1020. *She*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 183

She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1020

1020. *She can teach ye how to
clime &c*] These four con-
cluding verses furnish'd Mr. Pope
with the thought for the conclusion
of his ode on St. Cecilia's day.

Warburton.

1023. ——— *would stoop to her.*]

Would *bow* to her, was at first in
the Manuscript, and we have been
at the trouble of transcribing these
variations and alterations more for
the satisfaction of the curious, than
for any entertainment that it af-
forded to ourselves.

XVII.

LYCIDAS.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend,
unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester

on

This poem was made upon the unfortunate and untimely death of Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of our author, who as he was going to visit his relations in Ireland, was drown'd on the 10th of August 1637, and in the 25th year of his age. The year following 1638 a small volume of poems Greek, Latin, and English, was printed at Cambridge in honor of his memory, and before them was prefix'd the following account of the deceas'd. P. M. S. Edovardus King, f. Joannis (equitis aurati, qui S S S R R R Elisabethæ, Jacobo, Carolo, pro regno Hiberniæ a secretis) col. Christi in Academia Cant. socius, pietatis atque eruditionis conscientia et fama felix, in quo nihil immaturum præter ætatem; dum Hiberniam cogitat, tractus desiderio suorum, patriam, agnatos et amicos, præ cæteris fratrem, Dominum Robertum King (equitem auratum, virum ornatissimum) sorores (fœminas lectissimas) Annam, Dom. G. Caulfield, Baronis de Charlemont; Margaretam, D. G. Loder, summi Hiber-

niæ Justitiarum, uxorem; venerandum Præsulem, Edovardum King, Episcopum Elphinensem (a quo sacro fonte susceptus) reverendissimum et doctissimum virum Gulielmum Chappel, Decanum ecclesiæ Casseliensis, et collegii Sanctæ Trinitatis apud Dublinienses præpositum (cujus in Academia auditor et alumnus fuerat) invisens; haud procul a littore Britannico, navi in scopulum allisa, et rimis et ictu fatiscente, dum alii vectores vitæ mortalis frustra satagerent, immortalitatem anhelans, in genua provolutus oransque, una cum navigio ab aquis absorptus, animam Deo reddidit IIII. Eid. Sextileis, anno salutis M, DC, XXXVII. ætatis XXV. The last poem in the collection was this of Milton, which by his own Manuscript appears to have been written in November 1637, when he was almost 29 years old: and these words in the printed titles of this poem, *and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their hight*, are not in the Manuscript. This poem is with great judgment made of the pastoral kind, as both Mr. King and Milton had been design'd for holy

orders

on the Irish seas, 1637. and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their highth.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,

I

orders and the pastoral care, which gives a peculiar propriety to several passages in it : and in composing it the poet had an eye particularly to Virgil's 10th Eclogue lamenting the unhappy loves of Gallus, and to Spenser's pastoral poems upon the death of the Muses favorite, Sir Philip Sidney. The reader cannot but observe, that there are more antiquated and obsolete words in this than in any other of Milton's poems ; which I conceive to be owing partly to his judgment, for he might think them more rustic, and better adapted to the nature of pastoral poetry ; and partly to his imitating of Spenser, for as Spenser's stile is most antiquated, where he imitates Chaucer most, in his *Shepherds Calendar*, so Milton's imitations of Spenser might have the same effect upon the language of this poem. It is called a *monody*, from a Greek word signifying a mournful or funeral song sung by a single person : and we have lately had two admirable poems publish'd under this title, one occasion'd by the death of Mr. Pope by a very ingenious poet of Cambridge, and the other

to the memory of his deceas'd lady by a gentleman, whose excellent poetry is the least of his many excellences.

1. *Yet once more*——] The poem begins somewhat like Virgil's Gallus,

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem :

And this *yet once more* is said in allusion to his former poems upon the like occasions, On the death of a fair infant dying of a cough, Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, &c.

1. — O ye Laurels, and once more

Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,] The laurel, as he was a poet, for that was sacred to Apollo ; the myrtle, as he was of a proper age for love, for that was the plant of Venus ; the ivy, as a reward of his learning. Hor. Od. I. I. 29.

— doctarum edera præmia frontium.

Ivy never fere, that is never dry, never wither'd, being one of the ever-greens. We have the word in

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He

in Paradise Lost X. 1071. where it was explain'd and justified by parallel instances from Spenser.

3. *I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,*] This beautiful allusion to the unripe age of his friend, in which death *shatter'd his leaves before the mellowing year*, is not antique, I think, but of those secret graces of Spenser. See his Eclogue of January in the Shepherd's Calendar. The poet there says of himself under the name of Colin Clout,

Also my lustful leaf is dry and
 fere,

which explains too the old word in the second line. *Richardson.*

6. *Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,*] So in Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 1. St. 53.

Love of yourself, she said, and
dear constraint,
 Let me not sleep, but waste the
 weary night
 In secret anguish, and unpitied
 plaint. *Richardson.*

10. *Who would not sing for Lycidas?*] Virgil. Ecl. X. 3.

— neget quis carmina Gallo?

He knew — in Milton's Manuscript it is *he well knew*.

11. — *and build the lofty rhyme.*] A beautiful Latinism. Hor. Epist. I. III. 24.

— seu condis amabile carmen.

De Arte poet. 436.

— si carmina condas.

14. *Without the meed*] Without the reward. Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 2. Cant. 3. St. 10.

— but

He must not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well, 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destin'd urn, 20
And as he pass'es turn, And

— but honor, virtue's meed,
Doth bear the fairest flow'r in
honorable feed.

15. *Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove
doth spring,*] He means Hippocrené, a fountain consecrated to the Muses on mount Helicon, on the side of which was an altar of Heliconian Jupiter, as Hesiod says in the invocation for his poem on the generation of the Gods.

Μυσαων Ἑλικωνιάδων ἀρχαίμειθ' αἰδεῖν,
'Αἰθ' Ἑλικωνοῦ ἐχέσιν οἶοι μέγα τε ζαθέοντες,
Καὶ τε παρὲν κρήνην ἰοειδέα ποσσ' ἀπαλοῖσιν
Ὀρχήσιν, καὶ βῶμον εὐειδέεντα Κερνίωντα.

Begin we from the Muses still to sing,

That haunt high Helicon, and the pure spring,
And altar of great Jove, with printless feet
Dancing surround —

This altar Milton calls the *seat* of Jupiter in imitation of the Ancients. So Virgil calls the temple of Venus Erycina on the summit of mount Eryx in Sicily, her *seat*, Æn. V. 759.

Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
Fundatur Veneri —

As he says *well* for *fountain*, using the old Anglo-Saxon word, which is often used in Chaucer and Spenser. *Richardson.*

21. *And as he pass'es turn,*] He for the *Muse* seems extraordinary. See Mr. Jortin's note on ver. 973. of Samson Agonistes, where this change of the gender is consider'd.

22. *And*

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud,
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

Oft

22. *And bid*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from *To bid* &c.

23. *For we were nurst* &c.] This is assign'd as a reason for what he had said before,

Hence with denial vain, and coy
 excuse :

and a very good reason it is for discharging this last duty to his friend, and such as would not easily admit any excuse.

26. — *the opening eye-lids of the morn,*] This personizing every thing that is the subject of imagination is a great part of the merit of ancient poetry. The present place is from Job, the most poetical of all books. Job curses the day in which he was born. *Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark, let it look for light but have none, neither let it see the dawning of the day.* The Hebrew (that Milton always follows) hath *neither let it see the eye-lids of the morning.* III. 9.

Richardson.

The opening eye-lids was alter'd in the Manuscript from *the glimmering eye-lids.*

28. *What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,*] By the *gray-fly* in this place is meant no doubt a brownish kind of beetle powder'd with a little white commonly known by the name of the cock-chaffer or dor-fly. These in the hot summer months lie quiet all the day feeding upon the leaves of the oaks and willows, but about sunset fly about with just such a sort of noise as answers the poet's description. The author could not possibly have chosen a circumstance more proper and natural for a shepherd to describe a summer's evening by, nor have express'd it in a more poetical manner. *Thyer.*

I remember Shakespear has an image of the same kind in his Macbeth, but he has express'd it with greater horror suitable to the occasion, Act 3. Sc. 3.

— ere

Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright, 30
Tow'ard Heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But

— ere to black Hecat's sum-
mons
The shard-born beetle with his
drousy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
&c.

30. *Oft till the star &c*] These
two lines were thus in the Manu-
script before Milton alter'd them,

Oft till the *ev'n-star* bright
Toward Heav'n's descent had
stop'd his *burnisht* wheel.

31. — *his west'ring wheel*] Draw-
ing toward the west. A word that
occurs in Chaucer. Troilus and
Creseide, B. 2. ver. 905,

— the sonne
Gan *westrin* fast, and downward
for to wrie.

53. *Temper'd to th' oaten flute,*] *Boethius* III. Metr. 12.

*Illic blanda sonantibus
Chordis carmina temperans.*

Richardson.

34. *Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns*
&c] The like effects ascribed to
Silenus his singing. Virg. Ecl.
VI. 27.

Tum vero in numerum Faunos-
que ferasque videres
Ludere —

To this Mr. Thyer adds another
instance.

Ye sylvans, Fauns, and Satyrs,
that emong
These thickets oft have daunc'd
after his pipe ; &c.

Past. Ecl. on the death of Sir P. Sid-
ney.

36. *And old Damætas lov'd to*
hear our song.] He means prob-
ably Dr. William Chappel, who
had been tutor to them both at
Cambridge, and was afterwards
Bishop of Cork and Ross in Ire-
land.

40. *With*

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

41

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,

45

Or

40. *With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,*] The common imagery under which the vine is represented is her marriage to her husband, elm; so that the poet represents her luxuriance, and leaving him to ramble after other supports, as *gadding abroad*.

Warburton.

47. *Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,*] Milton had first written — *their gay buttons wear*; but corrected it in the Manuscript.

50. *Where were ye, Nymphs, &c*] He imitates Virgil. Ecl. X. 9.

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus
 habuere, puellæ
 Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
 Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga,
 nam neque Pindi
 Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

as Virgil had before imitated Theocritus. Idyl. I. 66.

Πα πικ' ἀρ' ἠδ' ὄκα Δαφνίς ἐτα-
 κέτο; πα ποκα νυμφαί;
 Ἡ κατὰ Πηνειῷ καλὰ τέμπεα,
 ἢ κατὰ Πινδῷ;
 Οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμοῖο μέγαν
 ῥοὸν εἶχετ' Ἀνάπῃ,
 Οὐδ' Αἰτνας σκοπία, ἐδ' Ἀλκ-
 εῖδ' ἰερόν ὕδωρ.

52. — the steep,

Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie, &c] Mr. Richardson's conjecture upon this passage, I think, is the best I have seen, that this *steep*, where the Druids lie, is a place called *Kerig y Drudion* in the mountains of Denbighshire, or *Druids stones*, because of the stone-chests or coffins, and other monuments there in abundance, supposed to have been of the Druids. See Camden. *Mona* is the ile of Anglesey,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51

For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor

Anglesey, or the shady island as it was called by the ancient Britons. And Deva is the river Dee, the meaning of which word Deva is by some supposed to be God's water or divine water. See Camden's Cheshire. And for the same reason that it is here called wisard stream, it has the name of ancient hallo-w'd Dee in our author's Vacation Exercise; and Spenser thus introduces it among his rivers, Faery Queen, B. 4. Cant. 11. St. 39.

— And Dee, which Britons long
ygone
Did call *divine*, that doth by
Chester tend.

And Drayton in his Polyolbion.
Song X.

A brooke it was, suppos'd much
bus'ness to have seen,
Which had an ancient bound
'twixt Wales and England been,

And noted was by both to be an
ominous flood,
That changing of his foards, the
future ill or good
Of either country told, of either's
war or peace,
The sickness or the health, the
dearth or the increase &c.

These places all look toward Ireland, and were famous for the residence of the *Bards* and *Druids*, who are distinguish'd by most authors, but Milton speaks of them as the same, and probably as *priests* they were *Druids*, and as *poets* they were *Bards*. For Cæsar, who has given us the best and most authentic account of the ancient Druids, says that among other things they learn a great number of verses. *Magnum ibi numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. De Bel. Gall. Lib. 6. c. 13.*

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream : 55
 Ay me ! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?
 Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely flighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And

56. *Ay me ! I fondly dream*
Had ye been there, for what could
that have done ?] We have
 here follow'd the pointing of Mil-
 ton's manuscript in preference to
 all the editions : and the meaning
 plainly is, I fondly dream of your
 having been there, for what would
 that have signified ? Mr. Thyer
 conjectur'd that the passage should
 be so pointed, and Milton has so
 pointed it, tho' he does not often
 observe the stops in his Manuscript.
 Mr. Jortin likewise perceiv'd this
 to be the sense, and asks whether
 this transposition would not be bet-
 ter than the common reading.

Had ye been there — Ay me, I
 fondly dream
 For what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse &c.

58. *What could the Muse &c]*
 Milton had first written thus,
 What could the golden hair'd
 Calliope
 For her enchanting son !
 When she beheld (the Gods far-
 sighted be)
 His goary scalp roll down the
 Thracian lee :

but in his Manuscript he alter'd
 these lines with judgment. And af-
 terwards *his goary visage* was a cor-
 rection from *his divine visage*.

66. *And strictly meditate the thank-
 less Muse ?]* *Meditate the Muse,*
 Virg. Ecl. I. 2. *Musam meditaris.*
The thankful Muse, that earns no
 thanks, is not thank'd by the un-
 grateful world : as *ingratus* in Latin
 is

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,

Phœbus

is used in a passive as well as active signification. Sallust. Cat. XXXVIII. — otium *ingrato* labori prætulera. Virg. *Æn.* VII. 425.

I nunc, *ingratis* offer te, irrise, periclis.

68. To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?] Amaryllis, a country lass in Theocritus and Virgil. Neæra, Ægon's mistress in Virgil's third Eclogue. Peck.

69. Or with the tangles &c] So corrected in the Manuscript from *Hid in the tangles &c.*

70. Fame is the spur &c] The reader may see the same sentiment enlarg'd upon in the beginning of
 VOL. II.

the third book of *Paradise Regain'd*, and confirm'd by numerous quotations from the Heathen philosophers in a note by Mr. Jortin.

73. But the fair guerdon] Prize, reward, recompense. A word from the French, often used by our old writers, and particularly Spenser. *Faery Queen.* B. I. Cant. 7. St. 15.

To gain so goodly guerdon—
 Cant. 10. St. 59.

That glory does to them for guerdon grant.

75. Comes the blind Fury &c] Of the three fatal sisters, the first prepar'd the flax upon the distaff, the flamen of human life; the second spun it; and the third cut it off with her shears, when the destin'd
 O hour

194 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glist'ring foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my oat proceeds,

And

hour was come. These were distinct from the Furies, but Milton calls the last a *blind Fury* in his indignation for her cutting his friend's untimely and undeserv'd. *Richardson*. Milton here has made the *Fates* the same with the *Furies* ; which is not quite destitute of authority, for so Orpheus in his hymns, two of which are address'd to these Goddesses, stiles them,

Αλλα θεαι μοι εστιν ὀπλοκαμοι
 πολυμορφοι. *Symphon.*

77. Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd
 my trembling ears ;] *Virgil Ecl.*
 VI. 3. — *Cynthia aurem*
Vellit et admonuit.

It would have been better, if the rime had not oblig'd Milton to say ears.

79. *Nor in the glist'ring foil*] As much as to say, It is not *leaf-gold*, it is true sterling. *Spenser*, Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 4. St. 4.

And *golden foil* all over them display'd.
 B. 4. Cant. 5. St. 15.

As guileful goldsmith, that by secret skill
 With *golden foil* doth finely over-spread
 Some baser metal &c.

85. *O fountain Arethuse, &c.*] Now Phœbus, whose strain was of a higher mood, has done speaking,

ing. h
 these o
 ocritus
 Mantu
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 his rel
 scribes
 as Virg
 III. 14

er
 Minc
 dir

It was
 to call
 pastoral
 pipe proc
 85. —

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 195

And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellow winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory ;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
 Built

ing, he invokes the fountain *Arethuse* of Sicily the country of Theocritus, and *Mincius*, the river of Mantua, Virgil's country, which river he calls *honor'd flood* to show his respect to that poet, and describes much in the same manner as Virgil himself has done *Georg.* III. 14.

— tardis ingens ubi flexibus
 errat
 Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.

It was the more necessary for him to call to mind these two famous pastoral poets, as now his own *oaten pipe* proceeds.

85. — and thou honor'd flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius,] It was at first,

— and thou *smooth flood*,
Soft-sliding Mincius ;

and then *smooth* was alter'd to *fam'd*, and then to *honor'd* in the Manuscript ; as *soft-sliding* was to *smooth-sliding*.

89. — the herald of the sea &c] Triton. *Hippotades*, Æolus the son of Hippotas, called *sage* from foreknowing the weather. *Panope*, a sea-nymph: the word itself signifies that pure calm and tranquillity that gives an unbounded prospect over the smooth and level brine ; therefore *sleek Panope*.

Richardson.
 101. Built

196 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguin flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,

The

101. *Built in th' eclipse, &c.*] Horace speaks much in the same spirit concerning the tree by whose fall he was in danger of being kill'd. Od. II. XIII. 1.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die &c.

To this ship may be justly applied that which Horace says of another. Epod. X. 1.

Mala soluta navis exit alite.

And the misfortune is ascribed to the ship according to the Latin inscription at the beginning of the poem, — navi in scopulum allisa, et rimis et ictu fatiscente —

103. *Next Camus, reverend fire, &c.*] The river *Cam* is fitly introduced upon this occasion, and is called *reverend fire*, as both Mr. King and Milton were educated at Cambridge; and is described according to the nature of that river. *Went footing slow*, as it is a gentle winding stream, according to Cam-

den, who says the British word *Cam* signifies crooked. It abounds too with reeds and sedge, for which reason *his mantle* is *hairy*, and *his bonnet sedge*, which as a testimony of his grief and mourning was *inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge like to a hyacinth, that sanguin flow'r* as it sprung according to the poets from the blood of the boy Hyacinthus or of Ajax, *inscrib'd with woe* as the leaves were imagin'd to be mark'd with the mournful letters *AI AI*. For these particulars you may consult the poets, and especially Ovid, who thus describes the form of the flower. Met. X. 210.

Ecce cruor, qui fusus humi signaverat herbam,
Definit esse cruor; Tyrioque nitentior ostro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia, si non
Purpureus color huic, argenteus esset in illis,

Non

The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,

Than

Non satis hoc Phœbo est; is enim
 fuit auctor honoris;
 Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit;
 et Ai Ai
 Flos habet inscriptum; funesta-
 que littera ducta est.

105. *Inwrought with figures dim,*] In the Manuscript it was first written *Scraul'd o'er*: *Inwrought* is the marginal reading there.

107. — *my dearest pledge?*] My dearest child, as children were simply call'd by the Latins *pignora*, pledges. *Richardson.*

109. *The pilot of the Galilean lake,* &c] Milton finely raises the character of St. Peter by making him the pilot of the lake of Genesareth in Galilee. See how artfully he takes this hint from Luke V. The two keys (which he hath likewise painted poetically) Christ himself gave him. Mat. XVI. 19. But the miter, which has so fine an effect in this picture, Milton would not

have allow'd him a very few years afterwards. See his treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy. *Richardson.* It seems somewhat extraordinary to introduce St Peter after Apollo, Triton &c, a Christian bishop among Heathen deities; but here Milton's imagination was dazzled, his taste corrupted, and his judgment perverted by reading the Italian poets.

112. *He shook his miter'd locks,*] It is much that this inveterate enemy of prelacy would allow Peter to be a bishop. But the whole circumstance is taken from the Italian satirists. Besides I suppose he thought it sharpen'd his satire to have the prelacy condemn'd by one of their own order. *Warburton.*

114. *Enow of such &c*] As Milton has frequently imitated his master Spenser in this poem, so in this place particularly he has had an eye to Spenser's invectives against the corruptions of the clergy in his fifth, seventh, and ninth Eclogues.

198 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold

119

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And

119. *Blind mouths! that scarce
themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, &c]* See instances
of the like construction in *Paradise
Lost*, V. 711. and the note there.
I will here add another from Ho-
race, Sat. II. II. 39.

*Porrectum magno magnum spec-
tare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna
rapacibus.*

123. *And when they list, their lean
and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of
wretched straw;]* No sound
of words can be more expressive
of the sense: and how finely has
he imitated, or rather improv'd
that passage in *Virgil*! *Ecl. III.*
26.

— non tu in triviis, indocte,
solebas

*Stridenti miserum stipula disper-
dere carmen?*

I remember not to have seen the
word *scrannel* in any other author,
nor can I find it in any dictionary

or glossary that I have consulted;
but I presume it answers to the *stri-
denti* of *Virgil*.

128. *Besides what the grim wolf
&c]* We offer'd some explication
of this difficult passage in the *Life*
of *Milton*, that the poet meant to
accuse *Archbishop Laud* of privily
introducing popery, and therefore
in his zeal threaten'd him with the
loss of his head; which notion
was suggested to me by *Dr. Pearce*,
the *Lord Bishop of Bangor*. We
exhibited too *Mr. Warburton's* ex-
planation of this passage in the
notes on the sixth book of *Para-
dise Lost*. But if neither of these
accounts seem satisfactory to the
reader, we will lay before him a-
nother, in which we have the con-
currence of *Mr. Thyer* and *Mr. Ri-
chardson*. *Besides what the grim
wolf &c*, *Besides* what the popish
priests privately pervert to their
religion: and *Spenser* in his 9th
Eclogue describes them under the
same image of wolves, and com-
plains much in the same manner.

Yes

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swell'n with wind, and the rank mist they
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily

Yes but they gang in more secret
wife,
And with sheeps clothing doen
hem disguise.
They talk not widely as they
were wont,
For fear of raungers and the
great hoont:
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly
know.

And nothing said, this agrees very well with the popular clamors of that age against the suppos'd connivance of the court at the propagation of popery. In Milton's Manuscript *nothing* is blotted out, and it is corrected by his own hand — *and little said*, which is juster and better. *But that two-handed engin &c.*, that is, the ax of reformation is upon the point of smiting once for all. It is an allusion to Mat. III. 10. Luke III. 9. *And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees.* An ax is properly a *two-handed engin*. *At the door*, that is, this reformation is now ripe, and

at hand; *near, even at the doors*, Mat. XXIV. 33. *Behold the judge standeth before the door.* James V. 9. And it was to be a thorough and effectual reformation, *Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more*, in allusion to the language of Scripture, 1 Sam. XXVI. 8. *Let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear, even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time.* This explication is the more probable, as it agrees so well with Milton's sentiments and expressions in other parts of his works. His head was full of these thoughts, and he was in expectation of some mighty alteration in religion, as appears from the earliest of his profane works, which were publish'd not four years after this poem. In the second book of his treatise of Reformation in England, he employs the same metaphor of *the ax of God's reformation, hewing at the old and hollow trunk of papacy*, and prefaces the time of the bishops to be but short, and compares them to a wen that is going to be cut off.

Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engin at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye

Vol. i. p. 17, 18. Edit. 1738. And in his Animadversions upon the Remonstrants Defense, addressing himself to the Son of God he says — *but thy kingdom is now at hand, and thou standing at the door.* Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth, — *for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renew'd.* p. 91. The reading of these treatises of Milton will sufficiently make appear what his meaning must be, and how much about this time he thought of lopping off prelatical episcopacy.

132. *Return Alpheus, &c*] As he had before distinguish'd the voice of Apollo, so here he far more exalts that dread one of St. Peter, that quite *shrinks* up the *stream* of *Alpheus*. Now this is *past*, return *Sicilian Muse*, Sicelides Musæ. Virg. Ecl. IV. 1. Now comes pastoral poetry again, and calls the vales to cast their flowers on Lycidas his herse, according to the custom of the Ancients. *Richardson.*

136. — *where the mild whispers use*] The word *use* is employ'd in the same sense by Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 6. St. 2.

Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
 In these strange ways, where never foot did *use*,
 Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

138. *On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,*] *The swart star* is the dog-star, Sirius ardens, burning and drying up things, and making them look black and swarthy. But he *sparely looks* on these valleys, as he approaches not Horace's fountain of Blandusia, Od. III. XII. 9.

Te flagrantis atrox hora caniculæ
Nescit tangere. —

In the Manuscript it was first *sparely*, then alter'd to *stintly*, and then to *sparely* again; and in the next line *Throw hither* was at first *Bring hither &c.*

142. *Bring*

Ye Valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes, 139
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The

142. *Bring the rathe primrose &c]*
The primrose, being an early flower, is at first very acceptable, and being a lasting flower, it continues till it is put out of countenance by those which are more beautiful, and so *dies forsaken* and neglected. *Jortin.*
The flowers here selected are either peculiar to mourning, or early flowers, suited to the age of Lycidas. The *rathe primrose* is the early primrose, as the word is used in Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 3. Cant. 3. St. 28.

Too rathe cut off by practice criminal :

December Shepherd's Cal.

Thus is my harvest hasten'd all
too rathe.

The *rather* lambs in February are the *earlier* lambs.

The *rather* lambs been starved
with cold.

And we still use *rather* for *sooner*.
That forsaken dies, this is imitated

from Shakespear, as Mr. Warburton observ'd with me. The Winter's Tale, Act 4. Sc. 5.

— pale primroses,
That die unmarried, &c.

And it appears by Milton's Manuscript that he had at first written *unwedded* instead of *forsaken*. The whole was thus

— that *unwedded* dies
Coloring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love ;

which was a closer copy of his original in Shakespear,

— pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they
can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a
malady
Most incident to maids.

And then follow'd these lines in Milton's Manuscript,

And that sad flow'r that strove
To write his own woes on the
vermeil grain;

Next

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To

Next add Narcissus that still
 weeps in vain,
 The woodbine, and the pansy
 freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The cowslip wan that hangs his
 pensive head,
 And every bud that sorrow's li-
 very wears.
 Let daffadillies fill their cups
 with tears ;
 Bid amarantus all his beauty
 shed &c.

But he alter'd them in the Manu-
 script, as they now stand in the
 printed copies : and for *the garish*
columbine he substituted *the well-at-*
tir'd woodbine ; and for *sad escutcheon*
wears, sad embroidery wears.

143. *The tufted crow-toe,*] This
 is the hyacinth, *that sanguin flow'r*
inscrib'd with woe, as above.

Richardson.

144. — *and the pansy freakt with*
jet,] Mr. Meadowcourt pro-
 poses to read *freakt with jet*, which

is a more usual word : but *freakt*
 is the word in Milton's Manuscript
 as well as in all the editions, and
 I suppose he meant the same as
freckled or spotted.

152. *For so to interpose a little*
ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with
false surmise.] This is extreme-
 ly tender and natural. He had
 said,

— the laureat herse where *Lycid*
lies.

For so, says he, let us endeavor for
 a moment to deceive ourselves, and
 fancy that at least his *corps* is pre-
 sent.

Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and
sounding seas
Wash far away &c.

— *jacet ipse procul, qua mixta*
supremum
Ismenon primi mutant confinia
ponti,

says

To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and founding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;

Or

says Statius of young Crenæus kill'd fighting in the river Ismenos, IX. 358. *Richardson.*

153. *Let our frail thoughts]* Altered in the Manuscript from *Let our sad thoughts.*

154. *Whilst thee the shores,]* Altered in the Manuscript from *floods.* But Mr. Jortin says *shores* is improper, and fancies it should be *shoals*, the shallow waters, *brevia.* In the Mask 115, *The sounds and seas* — the sounds, *freta.* If Milton wrote *shores*, he perhaps had in his mind this passage of Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 362. where Palinurus, who, like Lycidas, had perished in the sea, says,

Nunc me fluctus habet, versantque in litore venti.

On which line Pierius observes, *Litus non tam de sicco, quàm de asperginibus et extrema maris ora, intelligitur.* But yet, though a dead body may be said to be washed on the shore by the returning tides,

the shore can hardly be said to wash the body; and the expression is harsh and uncouth.

— whilst thee the founding seas
 Wash far away, &c.

Far away, that is, in some remote place, whatsoever it be. He seems rather to mean *in* some place, than *to* some place.

156. *Whether beyond &c]* Whether thy body is carried northwards or southwards.

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 the western islands of Scotland,

Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,

it is *humming tide* in Milton's Manuscript.

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world.

Virgil *Æn.* VI. 729.

Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.

So

Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep

So classical is Milton in every part of this poem.

160. *Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, &c]* Milton doubting which way the waves might carry the body of Lycidas, drowned in the Irish sea, imagins it was either driven northward beyond the Hebrides, or else so far southward as to lie sleeping near the fable, or fabulous mansions of old Bellerus, where the great vision of the guarded mount looks towards the coast of Spain. But where can we find the place which is thus obscurely described in the language of poetry and fiction? The place here meant is probably a promontory in Cornwall, known at present by the name of the Land's End, and called by Diodorus Siculus *Belarium promontorium*, perhaps from *Bellerus* one of the Cornish giants, with which that country and the poems of old British bards were once filled. A watch-tower and light-house formerly stood on this promontory, and looked, as Orosius says, towards another high tower at Brigantia in Galicia, and

consequently toward *Bayona's hold*. See Orosius and Camden, who concludes his account of this part of Cornwall with saying, that no other place in this island looks directly to Spain. *Meadowcourt*.

It may be farther observed, that Milton in his Manuscript had written *Corineus*; and afterwards changed it for *Bellerus*. *Corinus* came into this island with Brute, and had that part of the country assign'd for his share, which after him was named *Cornwal*. "To *Corineus*," says Milton in the first book of "his History of England, Cornwall, as we now call it, fell by lot; the rather by him lik'd, for that the hugest giants in rocks and caves were said to lurk still there; which kind of monsters to deal with was his old exercise." Of this race of giants, we may suppose, was *Bellerus*: but whoever he was, the alteration in Milton's Manuscript was certainly for the better, to take a person from whom that particular promontory was denominated, rather than one who gave name to the county at large. The fable

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames

fable of Bellerus and the vision of the guarded mount is plainly taken from some of our old romances, but we may perceive what place is intended, the Land's End, and St. Michael's mount in Cornwall.

163. *Look homeward Angel now,*] So the Pastoral Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney.

Philifides is dead. O happy Sprite,
 That now in Heav'n with blessed souls dost bide,
 Look down awhile from where thou sitst above &c. *Thyer.*

163. — *and melt with ruth:*] With pity. Spenser Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 6. St. 12.

Are won with pity and unwonted ruth.
 Fairfax, Cant. 2. St. 11.

All ruth, compassion, mercy he forgot.

164. *And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.*] Alluding to what Pausanias says of Palæmon toward the end of his Attics, "that

" a dolphin took him up, and laid his body on the shore at Corinth where he was deified."

Richardson.

165. *Weep no more, &c*] Milton in this sudden and beautiful transi- tion from the gloomy and mourn- ful strain into that of hope and comfort seems pretty plainly to imi- tate Spenser in his 11th Eclogue, where bewailing the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido, in terms of the utmost grief and dejection, he breaks out all at once in the same manner.

Thyer.

168. *So sinks the day-star*] The thought of a star's being wash'd in the ocean, and thence shining brighter, is frequent among the an- cient poets: and at the first read- ing I conceiv'd that Milton meant the morning star alluding to Virgil, *Æn.* VIII. 589.

Qualis ubi oceani perfusus Luci- fer unda &c:

but upon farther consideration I rather think that he means the sun, whom in the same manner he calls the

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: 171

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,

Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
waves,

Where other groves and other streams along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There

the *diurnal star* in the Paradise
Lost, X. 1069: and Homer, if
the hymn to Apollo be his, com-
pares Apollo to a star in mid day.
ver 441.

Ἀσπερ εἰδόμενον μετὰ νύκτι—

174. *Where other groves and other
streams along,*] Virgil *Æn.*
VI. 641.

—solemque suum, sua fidera
norunt.

And as Mr. Richardson adds, Ari-
osto when he brings Astolfo to the
moon, to look for Orlando's wit,
that was lost. *Cant.* 34. *St.* 72.

There other rivers stream, smile
other fields

Than here with us, and other
plains are stretch'd,

Sink other valleys, other moun-
tains rise. &c.

175. *With nectar pure his oozy
locks he laves,*] Like Apollo in
Horace, *Od.* III. IV. 61.

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos.

176. *And hears the unexpressive
nuptial song,*] In the Manu-
script it was at first *Listening the un-
expressive* &c. This is the song
in the Revelation, *which no man
could learn but they who were not
defiled with women, and were vir-
gins*: *Rev.* XIV. 3, 4 The author
had used the word *unexpressive* in
the same manner before in his
Hymn on the Nativity, *St.* 11.

Harping in loud and solemn quire
With *unexpressive* notes to Heav'n's
new-born heir.

Nor are parallel instances wanting
in Shakespear. As you like it, *Act* 3.
Sc. 2.

The fair, the chaste, and *unex-
pressive* she.

And in like manner *insuppressive* is
used for *not to be suppress'd*. Julius
Cæsar, *Act* 2. *Sc.* 2.

Nor

There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus

Nor th' *insuppressive* mettle of our
 spirits.

I have several times had the pleasure of making the same remarks and observations as Mr. Thyer, and here we had both mark'd these instances from Shakespear.

177. *In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.*] That is in the blest kingdoms of meek joy and love; a transposition of the adjective, which we meet with also in the *Paradise Lost*, IX. 318.

So spake domestic Adam in his care,

in which verse *domestic* is without doubt to be join'd to *care*, and not to *Adam* as the common opinion is. So also in the same book, ver. 225.

— and th' hour of *supper* comes
unearn'd. Thyer.

183. *Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,*] This is said in allusion to the story of Melicerta or Palæmon, who with his mother Ino was drown'd, and became a sea-deity propitious to mariners. Ovid, Met. IV. Fast. VI. Virgil Georg. I. 436.

Votaque servati solvent in littore
 nautæ
 Glauco, et Panopeæ, & Inco Melicertæ.

And as Mr. Jortin observes, it is pleasant to see how the most anti-papistical poets are inclined to canonize and then to invoke their friends as saints. See the poem on the fair Infant. St. 10.

184. — *and shalt be good &c*] The same compliment that Virgil pays to his Daphnis. Ecl. V. 64.

— Deus, deus ille, Menalca.
 Sis bonus ô felixque tuis! &c.

Thyer.
 189. *With*

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

189. *With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :*] He calls it *Doric lay*, because it imitates Theocritus and other pastoral poets, who wrote in the *Doric* dialect. Tho' Milton calls himself as yet *uncouth*, he *warbles with eager thought his Doric lay*; earnest of the poet he was to be, at least; as he promises in the motto to these juvenile poems of edit. 1645.

— baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

This looks very modest, but see what he insinuates. The first part of Virgil's verse is,

Aut si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem &c. Richardson.

190. *And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,*] He had no doubt Virgil in his eye. Ecl. I. 83.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

Virgil's is an admirable description of a rural evening, but I know not whether Milton's is not better, as it represents the sun setting so by degrees,

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay :

though it must be said that the image of the smoke ascending from the village-chimnies, which Milton has omitted, is very natural and beautiful.

193. *To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.*] Theocritus. Idyll. I. 145.

Χαιρετ'· ἔγω δ' ὕμνῳ καὶ ἐς ὑσέγγον ἀδελφὸν ἄσω. Jortin.

Mr. Richardson conceives that by this last verse the poet says (pastorally) that he is hastening to, and

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 209

and eager on new works: but I rather believe that it was said in allusion to his travels into Italy, which he was now meditating, and on which he set out the spring following. I will conclude my remarks upon this poem with the just observation of Mr. Thyer. The particular beauties of this charming pastoral are too striking to need much descanting upon; but what gives the greatest grace to the whole is that natural and agreeable wildness and irregularity which runs quite through it, than which nothing could be better suited to express the warm affection which Milton had for his friend, and the extreme grief he was in for the loss of him. Grief is eloquent, but not formal.

VOL. II.

P

The

XVIII.

The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, rendred almost
word for word without rime, according to the Latin
measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable 10
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds 15
To the stern God of sea.

Ad

This Ode was first added in the second edition of the author's poems
in 1673.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio
enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse mi-
feros.

Q U I S multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem

Mutatoſque deos flebit, et aſpera

Nigris æquora ventis

Emirabitur inſolens!

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,

Qui ſemper vacuam ſemper amabilem

Sperat, neſcius auræ

Fallacis. Miſeri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula facer

Votiva paries indicat uvida

Suspendiſſe potenti

Veſtimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

On the new forcers of conscience under the Long
PARLAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate
Lord,

And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seise the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword

5
To

This copy of verses also was first added in the second edition of the author's poems in 1673, and I suppose was made, when the Directory was establish'd, and disputes ran high between the Presbyterians and Independents in the year 1645, the latter pleading for a toleration, and the former against it. And in the Manuscript it is not in Milton's own hand, but in another, the same that wrote some of the Sonnets.

3. — *the widow'd whore*] In the Manuscript it was at first

— *the vacant whore.*

7. — *with a classic hierarchy*] In the Presbyterian form of government there were congregatio-

nal, classical, provincial, and national assemblies. See what the author says in his Observations on the Irish peace, p. 356. Vol. i. Edit. 1738. "Their next impeachment is, *that we oppose the Presbyterian government, the hedge and bulwark of religion.* Which all the land knows to be a most impudent falsehood, having establish'd it with all freedom, wherever it hath been desir'd. Nevertheless, as we perceive it aspiring to be a compulsive power upon all without exception in parochial, classical, and provincial hierarchies, or to require the fleshly arm of magistracy in the execution of a spiritual discipline, to punish and amerce by any corporal infliction

" tion
" can
" tho
" hol
" hedge
" than
" coun
" tion

8. —
fo
meant
have b
letters,
might a
therfora
tioners

12. J
the Mar
brain'd

To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent 9
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears 16
 Clip

"tion those whose consciences
 "cannot be edify'd by what au-
 "thority they are compell'd, we
 "hold it no more to be *the*
 "*hedge and bulwark of religion,*
 "than the Popish and Prelatical
 "courts, or the Spanish Inquisi-
 "tion."

8. — by mere A. S. and Rother-
 ford?] I know not who is
 meant by A. S. Some book might
 have been publish'd sign'd by those
 letters, and perhaps an equivoque
 might also be intended. Sam. Ro-
 therford was one of the commis-
 sioners of the church of Scotland.

12. By shallow Edwards &c] In
 the Manuscript it was at first *hate-*
brain'd Edwards. He wrote the

Gangræna, a book in which the
 errors, heresies, blasphemies, and
 lewd practice, which broke out in
 the last four years (1642, 1643,
 1644, 1645,) are recited: See
 Collier's Ecclesiastical History, Vol.
 2. p. 855. Mr. Thyer gives this
 account of it, that it was publish'd
 in 1646, and dedicated to the Par-
 lament by Thomas Edwards mi-
 nister of the Gospel, and was in-
 titled *Gangræna, or a Catalogue and*
Discovery of many of the errors, he-
resies, blasphemies, and pernicious
practices of the Sectaries of this
time, vented and acted in England
in these four last years. Scotch what
d'ye call might be perhaps the fa-
 mous *Alexander Henderson*, or as
 that expression implies some hard
 name, *George Gillespie*, a Scotch
 minister

Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

minister and commissioner at Westminster, called *Galaspe* in Whitlock, and *Galasp* in one of our author's Sonnets: and nothing could be express'd with greater contempt.

17. *Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears.*] So we read as it is corrected in the table of Errata in the edition of 1673: in all the editions it is falsely printed *bank your ears*. This line in the Manuscript was thus at first,

Crop ye as close as marginal
 P—s ears.

He means *Prynne* who had been sentenc'd to lose his ears, and afterwards was sentenc'd to lose the remainder of them, so that he was *cropt close* indeed: and the reason of his calling him *marginal* is ex-

press'd in his treatise of *the likeliest Means to remove hirelings out of the church*. "And yet a late hot Que-
 "rist for tithes, whom ye may
 "know by his wit's lying ever be-
 "side him in the *margin*, to be
 "ever beside his wits in the text;
 "a fierce reformer once, now
 "rankled with a contrary heat,
 "&c." Vol. 1. p. 569. Edit. 1738.

20. *New Presbyter is but Old Priest*] He expresses the same sentiment in other parts of his works. *Bishops and Presbyters are the same to us both name and thing*. &c See his Speech for the liberty of unlicenc'd printing. Vol. 1. p. 153. and the conclusion of his treatise intitled *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,

5

First

The Sonnet is a species of poetry of Italian extraction, and the famous Petrarch hath gained the reputation of being the first author and inventor of it. He wrote a great number in commendation of his mistress Laura, with whom he was in love for twenty years together, and whose death he lamented with the same zeal for ten years afterwards: and for the tenderness and delicacy of his passion, as well as for the beauty and elegance of his sentiments and language, he is esteemed the great master of love-poetry among the Moderns, and his Sonnets are universally allow'd to be the standard and perfection of that kind of writing. The Sonnet, I think, consists generally of one thought, and that always turn'd in fourteen verses of the length of our heroics,

two stanza's or measures of four verses each, and two of three, the first eight verses having no more than two rimes: and herein it differs from the Canzone, which is not confin'd to any number of stanza's or verses. It is certainly one of the most difficult of all the lesser kinds of poetry, such simplicity and such correctness being requir'd in the composition: And I have often wonder'd that the quaintness and exactness of the rimes alone did not deter Milton from attempting it, but he was carried on by his love of the Italians and Italian poetry: and other celebrated writers have been equally fond of copying Petrarch, as Bellay, Ronsard, Malherb &c. among the French; Sidney, Spenser, Shakespear &c. among the English; but none of them have

First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirito gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.

Quando

conformed so exactly to the Italian model as Milton: and he is the last who excell'd in this species of poetry, which was almost extinct among us, till it was reviv'd of late with good success by an ingenious Gentleman in Dodsley's Miscellanies.

We have observed elsewhere how fond our poet was of the Nightingale, and this address to her is founded upon the same notion or tradition as Chaucer's verses of the Cuckoo and the Nightingale.

But

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno 10
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disufata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso

Seppi

But as I lay this othir night wak-
 ing,
 I thought howe lovirs had a to-
 kining,
 And amonge 'hem it was a
 commune tale,
 That it were gode to here the
 nightingale,

Moche rathir than the leudè cuc-
 coo sing &c.
 6. *First heard before*] Virgil *Æn.*
 IV. 24.
 Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius
 ima dehiscat,
 Ante pudor quam te violo, aut
 tua jura resolvo. See Cerda.
 Richardson.

Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! fols' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

R Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'ofi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, 5
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa

E

E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una, 10
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi tuoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria) 5
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10

Quivi

Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me fuol far piovoſe
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
 De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;

Quando

* This Sonnet was made in 1631, and was ſent in a letter to a friend, who had importun'd the author to take orders; of which letter there are two draughts in his own Manuscript, and the former runs thus.

S I R,

“ Besides that in ſundry reſpects
 “ I muſt acknowledge me to pro-
 “ fit by you whenever we meet,
 “ you are often to me, and were
 “ yeſterday eſpecially, as a good
 “ watch-man to admoniſh that the
 “ hours of the night paſs on (for
 “ ſo I call my life as yet obſcure
 “ and unſerviceable to mankind)
 “ and that the day is at hand,
 “ wherein Chriſt commands all to
 “ labor while there is light: which

“ becauſe I am perſuaded you do
 “ to no other purpoſe, than out
 “ of a true deſire that God ſhould
 “ be honor'd in every one, I am
 “ ever ready, you know, when
 “ occaſion is, to give you account,
 “ as I ought, though unask'd, of
 “ my tardy moving according to
 “ the precept of my conſcience,
 “ which I firmly truſt is not with-
 “ out God. Yet now I will not
 “ ſtrain for any ſet apology, but
 “ only refer myſelf to what my
 “ mind ſhall have at any time to
 “ declare herſelf at her beſt eaſe.
 “ Yet if you think, as you ſaid,
 “ that too much love of learning
 “ is in fault, and that I have given
 “ up myſelf to dream away my
 “ years in the arms of ſtudious re-
 “ tirement, like Endymion with
 “ the

Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia ficuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'infanabil ago.

10

VII.

* On his being arriv'd to the age of 23.
 How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stoln

“ the moon on Latmus hill; yet
 “ consider, that if it were no more
 “ but this, to overcome this, there
 “ is on the other side both ill
 “ more bewitchful to entice away,
 “ and natural years more sway-
 “ ing, and good more available
 “ to withdraw to that which you
 “ wish me; as first all the fond
 “ hopes which forward youth and
 “ vanity are fledge with, none of
 “ which can sort with this Pluto's
 “ helmet, as Homer calls it, of
 “ obscurity, and would soon cause
 “ me to throw it off, if there
 “ were nothing else in't but an
 “ affected and fruitless curiosity of
 “ knowing; and then a natural
 “ desire of honor and renown;
 “ which I think possesses the breast
 “ of every scholar, as well of him
 “ that shall, as of him that never
 “ shall obtain it (if this be altoge-
 “ ther bad) which would quickly
 “ overway this flegm and melan-
 “ choly of bashfulness, or that
 “ other humor, and prevail with
 “ me to prefer a life, that had at
 “ least some credit in it, some
 “ place given it, before a manner
 “ of living much disregarded and
 “ discountenanc'd. There is be-
 “ sides this, as all well know, a-
 “ bout this time of a man's life,
 “ a strong inclination, be it good
 “ or no, to build up a house and
 “ family of his own in the best
 “ manner he may; to which no-
 “ thing is more helpful than the
 “ early entring into some credible
 “ employment, and nothing more
 “ cro's than my way, which my
 “ wasting

Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year !
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet

“ wasting youth would present’r
 “ bethink her of, and kill one love
 “ with another, if that were all.
 “ But what delight or what pecu-
 “ liar conceit, may you in charity
 “ think, could hold out against
 “ the long knowledge of a contrary
 “ command from above, and the
 “ terrible seizure of him that hid his
 “ talent? Therefore commit grace
 “ to grace, or nature to nature,
 “ there will be found on the other
 “ way more obvious temptations
 “ to bad, as gain, preferment, am-
 “ bition, more winning present-
 “ ments of good, and more prone
 “ affections of nature to incline and
 “ dispose, not counting outward
 “ causes, as expectations and mur-
 “ murs of friends, scandals taken,
 “ and such like, than the bare love
 “ of notions could resist. So that
 “ if it be that which you suppose,
 “ it had by this been round about
 “ begirt and overmaster’d, whe-
 “ ther it had proceeded from vir-
 “ tue, vice, or nature in me. Yet
 “ that you may see that I am some
 “ time suspicious of myself, and do
 “ take notice of a certain belated-

“ nefs in me, I am the bolder to
 “ send you some of my nightward
 “ thoughts some while since, since
 “ they come in fitly, in a Petrar-
 “ chian stanza.

“ How soon hath Time &c.

The latter draught is as follows.

S I R,

“ Besides that in fundry other
 “ respects I must acknowledge me
 “ to profit by you whenever we
 “ meet, you are often to me, and
 “ were yesterday especially, as a
 “ good watchman to admonish that
 “ the hours of the night pass on
 “ (for so I call my life as yet ob-
 “ scure and unserviceable to man-
 “ kind) and that the day with me
 “ is at hand, wherein Christ com-
 “ mands all to labor while there is
 “ light: which because I am per-
 “ suaded you do to no other pur-
 “ pose, than out of a true desire
 “ that God should be honor’d in
 “ every one, I therefore think my-
 “ self bound, though unask’d, to
 “ give you account, as oft as oc-
 “ casion

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
 Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

When

" cation is, of this my tardy mov-
 " ing, according to the precept of
 " my conscience, which I firmly
 " trust is not without God. Yet
 " now I will not strain for any set
 " apology, but only refer myself
 " to what my mind shall have at
 " any time to declare herself at her
 " best ease. But if you think, as
 " you said, that too much love of
 " learning is in fault, and that I
 " have given up myself to dream
 " away my years in the arms of
 " studious retirement, like Endy-
 " mion with the moon as the tale
 " of Latmus goes; yet consider
 " that if it were no more but the
 " mere love of learning, whether
 " it proceed from a principle bad,
 " good, or natural, it could not
 " have held out thus long against
 " so strong opposition on the other
 " side of every kind; for if it be
 " bad, why should not all the fond
 " hopes that forward youth and
 " vanity are sledge with, together
 " with gain, pride, and ambition,
 " call me forward more power-
 " fully, than a poor regardless and
 " unprofitable sin of curiosity
 " should be able to withhold me,
 " whereby a man cuts himself off
 " from all action, and becomes the
 " most helpless, pusillanimous, and
 " unweapon'd creature in the
 " world, the most unfit and unable
 " to do that which all mortals most
 " aspire to, either to be useful to
 " his friends, or to offend his ene-
 " mies. Or if it be to be thought
 " a natural proneness, there is a-
 " gainst that a much more potent
 " inclination inbred, which about
 " this time of life solicits most, the
 " desire of house and family of his
 " own, to which nothing is esteem-
 " ed more helpful than the early
 " entring into credible employ-
 " ment, and nothing more hinder-
 " ing than this affected solitariness.
 " And though this were enough,
 " yet there is to this another act, if
 " not of pure, yet of refin'd na-
 " ture no less available to dissuade
 " prolonged obscurity, a desire of
 " honor and repute and immortal
 " fame seated in the breast of every
 " true scholar, which all make
 " haste

VIII.

* When the assault was intended to the City.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,
 If deed of honor did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He

“ haste to by the readiest ways of
 “ publishing and divulging con-
 “ ceived merits, as well those that
 “ shall, as those that never shall
 “ obtain it. Nature therefore
 “ would presently work the more
 “ prevalent way, if there were
 “ nothing but this inferior bent of
 “ herself to restrain her. Lastly
 “ the love of learning, as it is the
 “ pursuit of something good, it
 “ would sooner follow the more
 “ excellent and supreme good
 “ known and presented, and so be
 “ quickly diverted from the empty
 “ and fantastic chase of shadows
 “ and notions to the solid good
 “ flowing from due and timely
 “ obedience to that command in
 “ the Gospel set out by the terrible
 “ seising of him that hid the talent.
 “ It is more probable therefore
 “ that not the endless delight of
 “ speculation, but this very confi-
 “ deration of that great command-
 “ ment, does not press forward, as
 “ soon as many do, to undergo,
 “ but keeps off with a sacred reve-
 “ rence and religious advisement
 “ how best to undergo; not taking
 “ thought of being late, so it give
 “ advantage to be more fit; for
 “ those that were latest lost no-
 “ thing, when the master of the
 “ vineyard came to give each one
 “ his hire. And here I am come to
 “ a stream-head copious enough to
 “ disburden itself like Nilus at fe-
 “ ven mouths into an ocean; but
 “ then I should also run into a re-
 “ ciprocal contradiction of ebbing
 “ and flowing at once, and do that
 “ which I excuse myself for not do-
 “ ing, preach and not preach. Yet
 “ that you may see that I am some-
 “ thing suspicious of myself, and
 “ do take notice of a certain be-
 “ latedness in me, I am the bolder
 “ to send you some of my night-
 “ ward thoughts some while since,
 “ because they come in not altoge-
 “ ther unfitly, made up in a Pe-
 “ trarchian stanza, which I told
 “ you of.
 “ How soon hath Time &c.
 “ By this I believe you may well
 “ repent of having made mention
 “ at

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bow'r :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r
 Went

" at all of this matter, for if I have
 " not all this while won you to
 " this, I have certainly wearied
 " you of it. This therefore alone
 " may be a sufficient reason for me
 " to keep me as I am, left having
 " thus tired you singly, I should
 " deal worse with a whole congrega-
 " tion, and spoil all the patience
 " of a parish : for I myself do not
 " only see my own tediousness, but
 " now grow offended with it, that
 " has hinder'd me thus long from
 " coming to the last and best pe-
 " riod of my letter, and that which
 " must now chiefly work my par-
 " don, that I am

Your true and unfeigned friend."

* To this sonnet we have pre-
 fixed the title, which the author
 himself has in the Manuscript. In
 the Manuscript this sonnet was
 written by another hand, and had
 this title *On his door when the City*
expected an assault: but this he
 scratched out, and wrote with his
 own hand *When the assault was in-*

Vo L. II.

tended to the City. The date was
 also added 1642, but blotted out
 again: and it was in November
 1642 that the King marched with
 his army as near as Brentford, and
 put the city in great consternation.
 Milton was then in his 34th year.

3. *If deed of honor did thee ever*
please,] So this verse is printed
 in the second edition in the year
 1673. In the first edition of 1645,
 and in the Manuscript it stands
 thus,

If ever deed of honor did thee
please.

10. *The great Emathian conqueror*
 &c] When Alexander the great
 took Thebes, and entirely ras'd the
 rest of the city, he order'd the
 house of Pindar to be preserv'd out
 of regard to his memory: and the
 ruins of Pindar's house were to be
 seen at Thebes, in Pausanias's
 time, who lived under Antoninus
 the philosopher. See Pausan. Bæot.
 cap. 25. Edit. Kuhnii.

Q

12. — And

Went to the ground : And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,

No

12. — *And the repeated air &c*] I suppose this refers to a passage in Plutarch's Life of Lyfander. When that general had taken Athens, he proposed to change the government. Some say he moved in council that the Athenians might be reduced to slavery, when at the same time Erianthus the Theban proposed wholly to destroy the city, and leave the country desolate: but a little afterwards at an entertainment of the captains, one of them repeated some verses out of Euripides's Electra, beginning thus,

Electra, Oh unhappy queen,
Whither wou'd you fly? return;

Your absence the forsaken groves
And desert palace seem to mourn.

This struck them, and gave them occasion to reflect, how barbarous it would appear to lay that city in ruin, which had been renown'd for the birth and education of so many famous men. *ετα μνητοι σωσισιας ηυμοδονης των ηγεμονων παρα ποτον, και την Φωκεας ασανθη εκ της Ευριπιδε Ηλεκτρας τω παρθον, ης η αρχη,*

Αγαμεμνον Θ ω κορα, ηλυθον Ηλεκτρα

Ποτι σαν αγεσσειαν αυλαν

Παντας επικλαδιωαι, και φανηναι χειλιον εργον, τω ετως δακρυα και τοις-

τοιστε
διεργα
P. 441
5. —
So it
and in
the fir
falsly p

7. A
the Ma

And
pr

8. —
Ruth an
each oth
fend the

No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

* To the Lady Margaret Ley.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,

And

τοῖς τῆς ἀνδρὸς φερῶσαν ἀνελειν καὶ
 διεργασασθαι τῷ πολιν. Vol. 1.
 p. 441. Edit. Paris. 1624.

5. — *with Mary and with Ruth*] So it is in Milton's Manuscript, and in the edition of 1673. In the first edition of 1645 it was falsely printed

— with Mary and *the* Ruth.

7. *And at thy growing virtues*] In the Manuscript it was at first,

And at thy *blooming* virtue or *prospering*.

8. — *but pity and ruth*.] Here *Ruth* and *ruth* are made to rime to each other, and it may perhaps offend the niceness of modern ears

that the same word should rime to itself though in different senses: but our old poets were not so very delicate, and the reader may see parallel instances in Spenser's Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 6. St. 39. and B. 7. Cant. 6. St. 38.

13. *Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night*,] Instead of this line he had written at first,

Opens the door of blifs that hour of night:

but he rightly alter'd it, the better to accommodate it to the parable to which he is alluding. See Mat. XXV.

* We have given the title which is in Milton's Manuscript, *To the*

Q 2

Lady

And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

On

Lady Margaret Ley. She was the daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanc'd age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament; and it is true that the parliament was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month. He left several sons and daughters; and the Lady Margaret was married to Captain Hobson of the Ile of Wight. It appears from the accounts of Milton's life, that in the year 1643 he used frequently

to visit this lady and her husband, and about that time we may suppose that this sonnet was compos'd.

6. — as that dishonest victory &c] This victory was gain'd by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians and their allies; and the news being brought to Athens, that old man eloquent, Isocrates, who was near a hundred years old, died within a few days, being determin'd not to survive the liberties of his country. — ἐπελάτα τον βιον ἐπὶ Χαιρωνιδεῖ ἀρχοντὶ, ὀλίγαις ἡμέραις ὕστερον τῆς ἐν Χαιρωνεῖ μάχης, δυνὼν δευρὶα βεβιωκὼς ἑκατον ἐτη, γῆμιν χρησαμῆναι, ἀμὰ τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς τῆς πόλεως συγκαταλυσαι τον ἑαυτῶ

ἐαυτῶ
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XI.

* On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatises.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
 The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
 Colkitto,

ἐκ τῆς βίης. Dionysius Halicarnass. de Isocrate Vol. 2. p. 150. Edit. Hudson. Plutarch says that he abstain'd from food for four days, and so put a period to his life, having liv'd 98, or as some say 100 years. See Plutarch's Lives of the ten Orators. Vol. 2. p. 837. Edit. Paris. 1624.

* When Milton publish'd his books of Divorce, he was greatly condemn'd by the Presbyterian clergy, whose advocate and champion he had been before. He publish'd his Tetrachordon or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage or nullities in marriage, in 1645; and soon after we may suppose he compos'd these two

sonnets, which were first printed in the edition of 1673, and to which we have prefixed the title that he himself has in the Manuscript.

1. *A book was writ of late &c*] In the Manuscript he had written at first,

I writ a book of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And *wear'd* in close, both matter, form and stile;
It went off well about the town a while,
 Numb'ring good *wits*, but now is seldom por'd on.

The reader will readily agree, that it was alter'd for the better.

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

9

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow fleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward
Greek.

XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuccoos, asses, apes and dogs:

As

9. *Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?*] We may suppose that these were persons of note and eminence amongst the Scotch ministers who were for pressing and enforcing the Covenant. *Galasp* we know was one of the Scotch ministers and commissioners from the Kirk to the Parliament. See the verses *on the forcers of conscience*.

10. *Those rugged names*] He had written at first *barbarous*, and then *rough hewn*, and then *rugged*.

12. *Sir John Cheek*] Or *Cheke*. He was the first Professor of the Greek tongue in the university of

Cambridge, and was highly instrumental in bringing that language into repute, and restoring the original pronunciation of it, tho' with great opposition from the patrons of ignorance and popery, and especially from Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and chancellor of the university. He was afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI. See his life by Strype, or in *Biographia Britannica*.

4. *Of owls and cuccoos,*] In Milton's Manuscript it stands,

Of owls and buzzards —

5. As

As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs 5
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood, 9
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

* To Mr. H. LAWES on his Airs.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song

First

5. *As when those hinds &c*]
 The fable of the Lycian clowns
 changed into frogs is related by
 Ovid, Met. VI. Fab. 4. and the
 poet in saying

Which after held the sun and
 moon in fee,

intimates the good hopes which he
 had of himself, and his expecta-
 tions of making a considerable fi-
 gure in the world.

8. — *by casting pearl to hogs ;*]
 Mat. VII. 6. *neither cast ye your
 pearl before swine.*

10. *And still revolt &c*] He had
 written at first,

*And hate the truth whereby they
 should be free.*

* This sonnet was also first add-
 ed in the edition of 1673, and in
 Milton's Manuscript it is dated
 Febr. 9. 1645. and said to be wrote
 to Mr. Lawes *on the publishing of
 his airs.* This Mr. Henry Lawes
 was a gentleman of his Majesty's
 chapel, and one of his band of
 music, and an intimate friend of
 Milton, as appears by his first pub-
 lishing the Mask in 1637, the airs
 of which he set to music, and
 probably too those of his Arcades.
 He was educated under Signor
 Coperario,

First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan; 6
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our
 tongue.

Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus quire, 10
 That

Coperario, and introduced a softer mixture of Italian airs, than had been practis'd before in our nation; as Mr. Fenton says in his notes upon Waller, who has also honor'd him with a copy of verses inscrib'd *To Mr. Henry Larwes who had then newly set a song of mine in the year 1635.*

3. *Words with just note &c*] These two lines were once thus in the Manuscript,

Words with just notes, which till
 then us'd to scan or
 — when most were us'd to scan
 With Midas ears, misjoining short
 and long.

But committing, as Mr. Richardson remarks, conveys with it the idea of offending against quantity and harmony.

5. — *exempts thee from the throng*] Horace Od. I. I. 32.

Secernunt populo — Richardson.

6. *With praise enough &c*] Instead of this line was the following at first in the Manuscript,

And gives thee praise above the
 pipe of Pan.

7. — *thou shalt be writ the man, &c*] This too in the stile of Horace, Od. I. VI. 1.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
 Victor.

And in the Manuscript it was thus at first,

— thou shalt be writ a man
 That didst reform thy art, the chief
 among.

9. — and

That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

* On the religious memory of Mrs. Catharine
 Thomson, my christian friend, deceas'd
 16 Decem. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,

Meekly

9. — *and verse must lend her wing*] There are three manuscript copies of this sonnet, two by Milton, the second corrected, and the third by another hand; and in all of them we read *must lend her wing*, which we prefer to *must send her wing*, as it is in the printed copies.

12. *Dante shall give &c*] These verses were thus at first,

Fame by the Tuscan's leave shall
 set thee higher
 Than his Caselle, whom Dante
 woo'd to sing &c.

13. *Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing &c*] This refers to the second Canto of Dante's Purgatorio, where the poet relates his meeting with Casella in purga-

tory, and wooing him to sing in these terms,

— *se nuova legge non ti toglie
 Memoria, o ufo à l'amoroso
 canto,
 Che mi solea quetar tutte mie
 voglie;
 Di ciò ti piaccia consolar al-
 quanto
 L'anima mia — Thyer.*

* To this sonnet, which was first printed in the edition of 1673, we have added the title which is in Milton's Manuscript. Who this Mrs. Thomson was, we cannot be certain; but I find in the accounts of Milton's life, that when he was first made Latin secretary, he lodged at one Thomson's next door to the Bull-head tavern at Charing-Cross. This Mrs. Thomson was

Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever,
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor 5
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and blis for ever.
 Love led them on, and faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest, 11
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes

Before

was in all probability one of that family.

3. *Meekly thou didst resign &c*] In the Manuscript these lines were thus at first,

Meekly thou didst resign this
 earthy clod
 Of flesh and sin, which man from
 Heav'n doth sever.

6. *Stay'd not behind, &c*] Instead of these lines were the following at first in the Manuscript,

Strait follow'd thee the path that
 saints have trod,
 Still as they journey'd from this
 dark abode
 Up to the realm of peace and
 joy for ever.
 Faith show'd the way, and she who
 saw them best
 Thy hand-maids &c.

12. *And spake the truth*] There are also three manuscript copies of this sonnet, two by Milton, the second corrected, and the third by another hand; and in all of them we read *And spake the truth*, which is more agreeable to syntax, and better than *And speak the truth*, as it is in the printed copies.

* This and the two following sonnets are not found in the edition of Milton's poems in 1673, and the reason of omitting them in the reign of Charles II is too obvious to need explaining. They were first printed at the end of Philips's life of Milton, prefixed to the English translation of his state-letters, in 1694, which was twenty years after his death; they were afterwards cited by Toland in his life of Milton 1698; and as far as

I

Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

* To the Lord General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise

5

Their

I can perceive, they were not inserted among his other poems till the fifth edition in 1713. But the printed copies, probably being taken at first from memory, are wonderfully incorrect; whole verses are omitted, and the beauty of these sonnets is in great measure defac'd and destroy'd. It is therefore a singular piece of good fortune, that they are still extant in Milton's Manuscript, the first in his own hand-writing, and the others by another hand, as he had then lost his sight: and having such an authentic copy, we shall make it our standard, and thereby restore these sonnets to their original beauty. This to the Lord General Fairfax appears from the Manuscript to have been address'd to him at the siege of Colchester, which was carried on in the summer of 1648.

2. *Filling each mouth*] In the printed copies it is,

And fills all mouths &c:

but it is better to avoid the beginning of so many lines together with *and*.

4. — *that daunt remotest kings,*] How much better is this than most of the printed copies,

— which daunt remotest things!

5. *Thy firm unshaken virtue*] In the printed copies it is,

Thy firm unshaken *valor* —

but *valor* occurs again in the sonnet.

6. — *though new rebellions raise* &c] At this time there were several insurrections of the royalists, and the Scotch army was marching into England under the command of

of

Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand, 9
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
 While avarice and rapin share the land.

XVI.

* To the Lord General CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not

of Duke Hamilton. In the printed
 copies we have

— *while* new rebellions raise &c.

8. *Her broken league to imp their
 serpent wings.*] In the printed
 copies it is

— to imp *her* serpent wings:

but *serpent wings* refers to the same
 as *Hydra heads*; and the insurrec-
 tions in England were to have been
 supported by the Scotch army
 marching into it at the same time.
 I know an ingenious person who
 proposes to read

Her *broking* league —

as if the whole intent of the solemn
 league and covenant had been to
 get money.

10. *For what can war, &c*]

These lines are thus in the printed
 copies,

For what can war, but *acts of war*
 still breed,

Till *injur'd truth* from violence
 be freed,

And public faith *be rescued from
 the brand &c.*

* In the Manuscript was this In-
 scription, but blotted out again, I
 know not for what reason. *To the
 Lord General Cromwell, May 1652.
 On the proposals of certain ministers
 at the committee for propagation of
 the gospel.*

1. — *who through a cloud &c*]
 In the printed copies it stands thus,

— *that* through a *crowd*
 Not of war only, but *distractions*
 rude:

but

Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help

but a *cloud of war* is a classical expression, and we have *nubem belli* in Virgil *Æn.* X. 809.

7. *While Darwen stream &c*] In the printed copies it is

While Darwent streams &c

4. *To peace and truth*] With an allusion perhaps to some of the silver coins of the Commonwealth, which have this inscription round the edges, *Truth and peace.* 1651.

5. *And on the neck of crowned fortune proud*

Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,] Instead of these two glorious lines there is this single one in the printed copies,

And fought God's battels, and his works pursued:

and this defect in the number of verses utterly spoils the harmony of the stanza.

The *Darwen* or *Derwen* is a small river near Preston in Lancashire, mentioned by Camden; and there Cromwell routed the Scotch army under Duke Hamilton in August 1648. The battels of *Dunbar* and *Worcester* are too well known to be particulariz'd, both fought on the memorable 3d of September, the one in 1650, and the other in 1651.

9. *And Worcester's laureat wreath.*]

It was so corrected, very much for the better, from what was before in the Manuscript,

And twenty battels more —

10. — *peace hath her victories*

No

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

* TO SIR HENRY VANE the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-
pell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,

Whether

No less renown'd than war:] In the printed copies it is

— peace has her victories
No less than those of war:

and afterwards in secular chains for
with secular chains.

* There is no knowing for certain when this sonnet was compos'd; but we follow the order wherein they stand and are number'd in Milton's Manuscript, and probably it was compos'd soon after the foregoing one to Cromwell, and upon the same occasion of the ministers proposals relating, I suppose, to their maintenance, which was then under consideration.

1. — but in sage counsel old,]
This is much better than the printed copies

— in sage councils old,

7. *Then to advise &c]* In the Manuscript there was at first *And* instead of *Then*: but afterwards it was corrected as it stands in the printed copies. But in the remainder of these two verses, as they stand in the printed copies, the meter is spoil'd in one, and the sense in the other.

Then to advise how war may be
best upheld,
Mann'd by her two main nerves,
iron and gold.

Move by was at first in the Manuscript *Move* on her two main &c.

9. — besides

Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know 9
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done:
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

On

9. — *besides to know &c]* In the printed editions this third stanza wants one whole line, and gives us another line so much corrupted as to be utter nonsense:

— besides to know
What serves each, thou hast learn'd,
 which few have done.

The Manuscript supplies the one, and corrects the other. In the Manuscript it was originally thus,

— besides to know
 What pow'r the Church, and what
 the Civil means,
 Thou teachest best, which few
 have ever done.

Afterwards thus

— besides to know

Both spiritual pow'r and civil,
 what each means
 Thou hast learn'd well, a praise
 which few have won.

At last it was corrected, as we have caused it to be printed.

13. *Therefore on thy firm hand &c]* These two lines are infinitely better in the Manuscript than in the printed editions;

Therefore on thy *right* hand religion leans,
 And reckons thee *in chief* her eldest son.

It was at first in the Manuscript *right hand*, but alter'd to *firm hand*.

Among

XVIII.

* On the late massacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans

5
Who

* Among our author's state-letters there are several in Cromwell's name address'd to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and states, complaining of this persecution of the protestants. His letter to the Duke of Savoy begins thus. " *Redditæ sunt nobis Genevâ &c.* Letters have been sent us from Geneva, as also from the Dauphinate, and many other places bordering upon your territories, wherein we are given to understand, that such of your Royal Highness's subjects as profess the reform'd religion, are commanded by your edict and by your authority, within three days after the promulgation of your edict, to depart their native seats and habitations, upon pain of capital punishment, and forfeiture of all their fortunes and estates, unless they will give security to relinquish their religion within 20 days, and embrace the Roman catholic faith. And that when

" they apply'd themselves to your
" Royal Highness in a most suppliant manner, imploring a revocation of the said edict; and
" that being receiv'd into pristine favor, they might be restored to
" the liberty granted them by your
" predecessors, a part of your army
" fell upon them, most cruelly slew
" several, put others in chains, and
" compell'd the rest to fly into
" desert places and to the mountains cover'd with snow, where
" some hundreds of families are
" reduced to such distress, that it
" is greatly to be feared, they will
" in a short time all miserably perish, thro' cold and hunger. &c."

These letters are dated in May 1655, and about the same time it is probable this sonnet was compos'd, which was added in the edition of 1673.

1. *Avenge, O Lord, &c*] Nor was this prayer in behalf of the persecuted protestants entirely without effect. For Cromwell exerted himself

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they 9
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow

A

himself in their favor, and his behaviour in this whole transaction is greatly to his honor, even as it is related by an historian, who was far from being partial to his memory. "Nor would the Protector be backward in such a work, which might give the world a particular opinion of his piety and zeal for the protestant religion; but he proclam'd a solemn fast, and caused large contributions to be gather'd for them throughout the kingdom of England and Wales. Nor did he rest here, but sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year so engag'd the Cardinal of France, and even terrify'd the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favor to the English Roman catholics, that that Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renew'd all those privileges they had for-

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merly enjoy'd. So great was the terror of his name; nothing being more usual than his saying, that *his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome.*" See Echard Vol. 2.

3. *Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old, &c]* And so in his letter to the States of the United Provinces he calls them *Alpinos incolas orthodoxam religionem antiquitus profitentes*, the inhabitants at the feet of the Alps, ancient professors of the orthodox faith; and afterwards in the same letter, *apud quos nostra religio vel ab ipsis Evangelii primis doctoribus tradita per manus & incorrupte servata, vel multo ante quam apud cæteras gentes sinceritati pristinae restituta est*, among whom our religion was either disseminated by the first doctors of the Gospel, and preserv'd from the defilement of superstition, or else restor'd to its pristine sincerity long before

R

A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

On his blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And

before other nations obtain'd that felicity.

14. — *the Babylonian woe.*] The woes denounced against Rome, under the name of Babylon, in Scripture.

3. *And that one talent which is death to hide,*] He speaks here with allusion to the parable of the

talents, Mat. XXV. and he speaks with great modesty of himself, as if he had not five, or two, but only one talent.

* This Mr. Lawrence was the son of the President of Cromwell's council: and this sonnet was also in the edition of 1673.

6. Fa-

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX.

* TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will run 5
On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lilly' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?

He

6. *Favonius*] The same as Zephyrus, or the western wind that blows in the spring. Plin. Lib. 16. Sect. 39. Hic est genialis spiritus mundi, a fovendo dictus, ut quidam existimavere. Flat ab occasu æquinoctiali, ver inchoans. And so Lucretius I. 10.

Nam simul ac species patefacta
est verna diei,
Et referata viget genitabilis aura
Favoni.

8. — *that neither sow'd nor spun.*
Alluding to Mat. VI. 26, 28. *they
sow not, neither do they spin.*

R 2

Cyriac

He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

† TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, whose grandfire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To

† Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner Esq; and grandson of Sir Vincent Skinner, and his mother was Bridget, one of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Mr. Wood informs us that he was one of Harrington's political club, and sometimes held the chair; and farther adds, that he was a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton. Athen. Ox. Vol. 2. p. 591. No wonder then that Milton was so intimate with him, and has address'd two sonnets to him, this first of which was printed in the edition of 1673.

8. *And what the Swede intends,*] We have printed it as it is in the Manuscript. In the first edition it was *And what the Swede intend*, which in others is alter'd to *And what the Swedes intend*. Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, was at this time waging war with Poland, and the French with the Spaniards in the Netherlands: and what Milton says is somewhat in the spirit and manner of Horace. Od. II. XI. 1.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et
Scythes
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quarere: &c.

The

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know 9
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

XXII.

* To the same.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of

* The two sonnets to Cyriac Skinner we have printed in the same order as they are number'd in the Manuscript. This latter was never printed in Milton's lifetime, but was first publish'd several years after his death at the same time and in the same manner with the foregoing ones to General Fairfax, Cromwell, and Sir Henry Vane: and tho' the person, to whom it is address'd, was not so obnoxious as any of those before mention'd, yet it might not have been safe for Milton to have publish'd such a commendation of his Defense of the people, which the government had order'd to be burnt by the hands of the common hang-

man. In the printed editions this sonnet likewise is very incorrect, but we shall restore it by the assistance of the Manuscript.

3. *Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot,*] In the printed copies it is absurdly,

Bereft of *sight* their seeing have forgot.

4. *Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear*
Of sun, or moon, &c.] In the printed editions it is,

Nor to their idle orbs doth *day* appear,

Or sun, or moon, &c.

R 3

7. *Against*

Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year, 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overply'd
 In liberty's defense, my noble task, 11
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

* On his deceased WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint

Brought

7. *Against Heav'n's hand &c]* It was at first in the Manuscript *God's hand*: and *one jot* in the printed copies is *a jot* in the Manuscript.

8. — *but still bear up and steer Right onward.*] In the Manuscript it was at first,

— *but still attend to steer Uphillward.*

12. *Of which all Europe talks from side to side. &c]* In the printed copies these lines are thus,

Whereof all Europe *rings* from side to side.

This thought might lead me through *this* world's vain mask
 Content though blind, had I no *other* guide.

The Manuscript has the advantage over the printed editions, unless *rings* may be thought better than *talks from side to side*. There is something very pleasing, as well as very noble, in this conscious virtue and magnanimity of a great poet: and

Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and
faint.

Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint 5
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my
night.

PSALMS.

and for the same reason no part of Mr. Pope's works affords greater pleasure than what he says of himself and his writings, especially in his imitation of the first Satire of Horace, and in his Satires intitled from the year 1738.

* This was his second wife, Catharine the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in child-bed of a daughter.

2.—like *Alcestis* from the grave, &c] *Alcestis* was the wife of Admetus king of Thessaly, who being dangerously ill obtain'd by the means of Apollo, that he should recover, if any body else would die in his stead. His wife voluntarily offer'd herself, but Hercules intervening rescued her from death, and brought her back again to her husband. Our author borrows the allusion from a play of Euripides called *Alcestis*.

R. 4

P S A L M S.

P S A L M I. Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of finners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight,

5

And in his law he studies day and night.

He shall be as a tree which planted grows

By watry streams, and in his season knows

To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,

And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.

10

Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd

The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand

In judgment, or abide their trial then,

Nor finners in th' assembly of just men.

For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,

15

And the way of bad men to ruin must.

P S A L. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.

WH Y do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand

With pow'r, and princes in their congregations

Lay deep their plots together through each land

Against

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth
dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10

And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree

I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow

Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
low

With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear 25

In

In anger and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

P S A L. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

L O R D how many are my foes !
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count ;
 Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about

5

10

15

They

They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou

Hast smote ere now

20

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

ANswer me when I call,
God of my righteousness,

In straits and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

And set at large; now spare,

5

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn,

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

10

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose to himself apart,

The

The good and meek of heart 15
 (For whom to choose he knows)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone, 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say 25
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light

Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright. 30
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds 35

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In

In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie;
 As in a rocky cell

40

Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P s A L. V. Aug. 12. 1653.

Jehovah to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I'th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight,
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly;
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.

5

10

15

But

But I will in thy mercies dear
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will tow'rds thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress,
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltring mouth unstable 25
 No word is firm or sooth;
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround 39
 Him with thy lasting favor and good will. P S A L M

P s A L. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

L O R D in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ake, 5
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled fore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
Wearied I am with fighting out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20

Mine

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PsAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against
 him.

LORD my God to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread

My

My li
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Rise J
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 Of my
 And v
 Judgm
 And c

So th'
 Will f
 Thenc
 Return
 Jehova
 All pec

Judge
 Accord
 And th
 Upon
 Vo

My life down to the earth, and roll 15
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage 20
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury' asswage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation 25
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their fight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation. 30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease

Of evil men the wickedness
And their pow'r that do amiss.

35

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defense, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

40

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

45

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

50

He

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made;
 His mischief that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

55

60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the most high.

P s A L. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers art, 9
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15
 With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into meter, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

P S A L. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,
 That sitt between the Cherubs *bright*, 5
 Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
 And on our foes thy dread.
 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's fight, 10
 Awake * thy strength, come, and *be seen* * *Gnorer*.
 To save us by thy might.
 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
 To us O God vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
 And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy * smoking wrath, and angry brow * *Gnashanta.*
 Against thy people's prayer ! 20

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Shalish.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey* 25
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
 And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu,*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,* 30
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haughty,* 35
 To plant this lovely vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,* 39
And fill'd the land at last. With

10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all*,

The hills were *over-spread*,

Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall

Advanc'd their lofty head.

11 Her branches *on the western side*

45

Down to the sea she sent,

And *upward* to that river wide

Her other branches *went*.

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,

And broken down her fence,

50

That all may pluck her, as they go,

With rudest violence?

13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood

Up turns it by the roots,

Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food

55

Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down

From Heav'n, thy seat divine,

Behold *us*, but without a frown,

And visit this *thy* vine.

60

15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand

Hath set, and planted *long*,

And the young branch, that for thyself

Thou hast made firm and strong.

But

- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire, 65
 And cut *with axes* down,
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid*, 70
 Upon the son of man, whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
 To *ways of sin and shame*,
 Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we 75
 Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe. 80

P S A L. LXXXI.

I **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
 Sing loud to God *our King*,
 To Jacob's God, *that all may bear*,
 Loud acclamations ring.

Prepare

- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
With trumpets *lofty* sound, 10
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*, 15
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee fore assail, 25
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall. 1

I answer'd thee in *thunder deep * *Be Sether ragnam.*

With clouds incompas'd round; 30

I try'd thee at the water *steep*

Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*

I testify to thee,

Thou ancient stock of Israel, 35

If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode

No alien God shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign God

In honour bend thy knee. 40

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought

Thee out of Egypt land;

Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*

Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *bear,* 45

Nor hearken to my voice;

And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*

Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,

And to their wand'ring mind; 50

Their own conceits they follow'd still,

Their own devices blind. 0

13 O that my people would *be wise,*
To serve me all their days,
 And O that Israel would *advise* 55
To walk my righteous ways.

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies. 60

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
 But *they, his people, should remain,*
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock* 65
With flow'r of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 G OD in the * great * assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
 † Among the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev,*
 He judges and debates.
 * *Bagnadath-el.*

How

- 2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tishphetu gnavel.*
 With * judgment false and wrong, 6
 Favoring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * *Shiphtu-dal.*
 * Dispatch the * poor man's cause, 10
 And † raise the man in deep distress † *Hatzdiku.*
 By † just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate 15
 Of him *that help demands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
 And * out of order gone. * *Jimmotu.*
- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all 21
 The sons of God most high;
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die.*
- 8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might,* 25
 This *wicked* earth * redress, * *Shiphta.*
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess. P S A L.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * swell, 5
 And * storm outrageously, * *Jehemajun.*
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*
 † Their plots and counsels deep, † *Sod.* 10
 * Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
 * *Firthjagnatsu gnal.*
 * Whom thou dost hide and keep. * *Tsephuneca.*
- 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may 15
 Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult * with all their might,
 And all as one in mind * *Lev jachdau.*
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind. 20

The

- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of scornful Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,* 25
 And *hateful Amalec,*
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot: 30
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sisera, and as is told 35
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain. 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled,
 So let their princes bleed. For

12 *For they amidst their pride have said,* 45

By right now shall we seize

God's houses, and *will now invade*

* Their stately palaces. * *Neoth Elohim bears both.*

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,

No quiet let them find, 50

Giddy and *restless* let them reel

Like stubble from the wind:

14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire

Which on a sudden strays,

The greedy flame runs higher and higher 55

Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase;

16 * And till they * yield thee honor due; 59

Lord fill with shame their face.

* *They seek thy Name.* Heb.

17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,

Troubled, and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die

With shame, *and scape it never.*

Then

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

P S A L. LXXXIV.

1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear

The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long and almost die

Thy courts O Lord to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of *rest,*

The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,

They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.

Happy,

- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear, 30
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity 35
A thousand days at best.
- I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin for evermore. 40

11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright*,
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high*,
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

45

P S A L. LXXXV.

1 **T**HY land to favor graciously
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,
 Thou hast from *bard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
 That *wrought* thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.

5

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd
 Far worse than fire to burn.

10

† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

God

- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease 15
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus,
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
 That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25
 To us thy mercy shew,
 Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will go *strait* and hear, 30
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear,*
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease* 35
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear

Salvation is at hand,

And glory shall *ere long appear*

To dwell within our land. 40

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*

Now *joyfully* are met,

Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kifs'd,

And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r,* 45

Shall bud and blossom *then,*

And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r

Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow

Whatever thing is good, 50

Our land shall forth in plenty throw

Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go

His royal harbinger,

Then * will he come, and not^{be} flow, 55

His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

- P S A L. LXXXVI.

1 **T**H Y *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray*,

For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay*.

2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,

5

Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice

10

Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*.

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.

15

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciously.

20

† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

7 I in the day of my distress

Will call on thee *for aid*;

For thou wilt *grant me free access*,

And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,

25

O Lord, nor any works

Of all that other Gods have done

Like to thy *glorious* works.

9 The nations all whom thou hast made

Shall come, *and all shall frame*

30

To bow them low before thee, Lord,

And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great

By thy strong hand are done,

Thou *in thy everlasting seat*

35

Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,

I in thy truth will bide,

To fear thy name my heart unite,

So shall it never slide.

40

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,

Thee honor and adore

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad

Thy name for evermore.

For

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me, 45

And thou hast free'd my foul,

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,

From deepest darknes foul.

14 O God the proud against me rise,

And violent men are met

50

To seek my life, and in their eyes

No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,

Readiest thy grace to shew,

Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*

55

Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*

And me have mercy on,

Unto thy servant give thy strength,

And save thy handmaid's son.

60

17 Some sign of good to me afford,

And let my foes *then* see,

And be asham'd, because thou Lord

Dost help and comfort me.

P S A L. LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,

There seated is his sanctuary,

His temple there is plac'd.

2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more

5

Than all the dwellings *fair*

Of Jacob's *land*, though there be *store*,

And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things

Of thee *abroad* are spoke;

10

4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*

Did our forefathers yoke.

I mention Babel to my friends,

Philistia full of scorn,

And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,

15

Lo this man there was born :

5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*

Be said of Sion *last*,

This and this man was born in her,

High God shall fix her fast.

20

The

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll

That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25
With sacred songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,
L All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my pray'r 5
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favor bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie, 10
My life *at death's unbearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.

Reckon'd

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass

Down to the *dismal* pit,

I am a * man, but weak alas,

15

And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite

Among the dead to *sleep*,

And like the slain in *bloody fight*

That in the grave lie *deep*.

20

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er

Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*

25

Hast set me *all forlorn*,

Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,

In horrid deeps to *mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,

Full fore doth press on me;

30

* Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,

* And all thy waves break me.

* *The Hebr. bears both.*

Thou

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

35

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*

With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell

45

On whom the grave *bath hold,*

Or they who in perdition *dwell,*

Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*

Or wondrous acts be known,

50 ⁶

Thy justice in the *gloomy* land

Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,

Ere yet my life be spent,

And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth lie,*

55

Each morn, and thee prevent.

Why

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake
With terror sent from thee?

60

† Heb. *Præ Concussione.*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

65

Thy threatnings cut me through :

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far :

70

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A

A Paraphrase on P s A L. CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the
Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son.

After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown, 5
His praise and glory was in Israel known.

That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10

The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the moun-
tains?

Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?
Shake Earth, and at the presence be aghast 15
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

P s A L.

P S A L. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladfome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay indure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God ;
 For his &c.
 O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his &c.
 Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For his &c.
 Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
 For his &c.
 Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain.
 For his &c.
 Who by his all-commanding might
 Did fill the new-made world with light.
 For his &c.

And

And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun,
All the day long his courſe to run.

30

For his &c.

The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.

For his &c.

35

He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt-born of Egypt land.

For his &c.

40

And in deſpite of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.

For his &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

45

For his &c.

The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs.

50

For his &c.

But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

For his &c.

55

His

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his *Ec.*

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his *Ec.*

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his *Ec.*

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his *Ec.*

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his *Ec.*

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his *Ec.*

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his *Ec.*

65

70

75

80

All

P S A L M S. CXXXVI.

289

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his &c.

85

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his &c.

90

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay indure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

95

J

I

Qu

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vi-
gesimum conscripsit.

H

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Joan

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Ad J

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C

At T

Na

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salfilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelfo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
 Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde,

Di bella gloria amenta
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
 Le peregrine piante
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni,

Fabro quasi divino
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
 Vide in ogni confino
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea,

Quanti nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco apprefer l' arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Volesti

Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine,

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
 Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
 Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permeſſo.

I o che in riva del Arno
 Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
 So che fatica indarno,
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
 Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSIS,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta
orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses
omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic
reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus
infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et
plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos in-
telligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admi-
rationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique
auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed * ve-
nustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapien-
tia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia;
harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia
duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per
quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia
legenti;

* vastitate. Edit. 1645.

legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis fatis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

E L E-

E L E G I A R U M

L I B E R P R I M U S.

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas ;
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
 Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
 Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas 5
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs refruâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri 15
 Cæteraque ingenio non fubeunda meo.
 Si fit hoc exilium patrios adliſſe penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,

Non

Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Lætus & exilii conditione fruor. 20
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis, 25
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores 35
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & spectro, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest: 40

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 45
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50

Sæpius hic blandas spirantia fidera flammæ
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 55

Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60

Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!

Cedite

Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ, 65
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron.

Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci, 85

Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat quoque juncosâs Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucaë murmur adire Scholæ. 90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienfis:

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.

Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis 5
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,

O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,

Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

VOL. II.

X

Talis

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula

Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15

Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.

Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni

Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,

Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20

Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,

Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.

Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,

Personet & totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum * Præfulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,

Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago

Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;

Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures,

Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face ; 6

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21. 1626.

Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis: 10
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar, 15
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne fatis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ? 30
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessîaco submerferat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili, 35
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50

Ipse

Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras

Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,

Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,

Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;

Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,

55

Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,

Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,

Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.

60

Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,

Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,

Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.

Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,

65

At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.

Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,

Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos 5
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;

Ille

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20

Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !

Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno, 25
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem 35
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse fonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40

Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forfitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : 50
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.

Non

Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes

Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sæpe fariffiferi crudelia pectora Thracis

65

Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,

Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.

Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,

Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.

70

Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!

In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,

Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.

Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,

75

Et fata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,

Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos;

Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,

Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

80

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo

Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.

Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,

Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;

Et,

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 85
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Preffit inaffueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergeffæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obfitus armis,

Intententque tibi millia tela necem,

At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,

Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.

110

Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,

Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;

Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis

Affyrios fudit nocte filente viros;

Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras

115

Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,

Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,

Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,

Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,

120

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,

Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,

Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,

125

Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos ;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt ; 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penæide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli, 15
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum ;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20

Quid

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus :

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa * perennis opus. 30

Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes 35

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ ;

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant fidera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40

Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro ? 50
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
 Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa finus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis ! 60
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus

Florib
 Ter
 Aspice
 Mel
 Cinnar
 Bla
 Nec fi
 Ter
 Alma
 Præ
 Quòd
 Mu
 Illa tib
 Et
 Ah qu
 In
 Cur t
 He
 Quid
 Di
 Frigo
 Hu

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos

65

Tenariorum placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitæque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnamæa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,

Blanditiæque tibi ferre videntur aves.

70

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores

Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,

Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus

Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt

75

Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)

Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,

Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo

In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas,

80

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno

Hesperiiis recipit Cæcula mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,

Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,

85

Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene fufurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; 95
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque foveat solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes, 105
 Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

Egre-

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris 109

Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus [unum,

Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,

Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu, 115

Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,

Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,

Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120

Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis

Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan, 125

Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consult in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,

Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male tecta videri,

Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130

Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere fylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris 135
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant;
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo. 140

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,
 Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua carmina
 excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod
 inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud
 fatis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat,
 hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas. 6

Nam

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaue per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poëfin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucæ
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat. 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Inſonat argutâ molliter iſta manu;
 Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
 Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum, 45
 Quale repentinus permeat offa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
 Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum eſt,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos; 50

Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduiffe mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum, 55
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis 65
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70
 Sic dâpis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,

Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis infidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim facer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Fauſtaque ſacratis ſœcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et ſubitò elifos ad ſua fana Deos. 86
 Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
 Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis inſtar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA, Anno Ætatis 19.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
 Atque tuum ſprevi maxime numen Amor.

Tu

Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas, 5
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem, 15
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit. 20
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares, 25
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.

Et miser exemplo sapuiffes tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, 45
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.

At

At mihi rifuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,

Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50

Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,

Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turbâ frequens, facièque fimillima turba dearum

Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.

Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55

Fallor ? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,

Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.

Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mifi,

Neve oculos potui continuiffè meos. 60

Unam fortè aliis supereminuiffè notabam,

Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,

Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65

Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.

Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,

Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,

Infilat hinc labiis, infidet inde genis : 70

Et

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior facitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat. 80
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores 85
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui;
 Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces. 90
 Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95

Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,

Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,

Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100

Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,

Culpis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105

Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.

Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,

Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

5

In eandem.

SIccine tentasti cœlo donâsse Iäcobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis infidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

5

10

In

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.

Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,

Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,

5

Supplicium spreta religione dabis.

Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,

Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.

O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,

Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!

10

Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni

Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,

Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,

Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,

Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,

Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;

At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,

Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli 5
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortalì assuescere posse sono.

Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet. 10

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem 5
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,

Quamvis Diræo torcisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; 10

Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi. Ad

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ

Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?

Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ 5

Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.

Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,

Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

* Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:

Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus

Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Haftenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5

Mota solo affueto, protenus aret iners.

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.

Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni

(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo! 10

Possẽm ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:

Nunc periẽre mihi & fœtus & ipse parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

* Added in the Edit. of 1673.

S Y L-

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum * Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iäpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
 Nefsi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Octâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

* Dr. John Goslyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626. So that the date of Milton's age is wrong.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

20

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

25

Læsisset & nec te Philyreie
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,

30

Jam præfuißes Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec fine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.

35

At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

40
Co-

Colende Præses, membra precor tua

Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,

Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,

45

Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,

Interque felices perennis

Elysio spatere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JA M pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto

Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna

Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus

Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:

Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat

5

In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:

Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,

Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,

Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,

Dinumerans sceleris focios, vernasque fideles,

10

Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;

Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,

Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,

Armat

Armata & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, 15
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris 20
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno niçantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva 25
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia fulphur; 35
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna

Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ic̄taque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
 Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
 Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Denfantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinofas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Eyehitur, præeunt submissò poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,

Cim-

Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60

Templa dein multis fubeunt lucentia tædis

(Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum

Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.

Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,

Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65

Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,

Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,

Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,

Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70

Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,

Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen

Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75

Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)

At vix compositos fomnus claudebat ocellos,

Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,

Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus

Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80

Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus

Vertice de rafo, & ne quicquam defit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit fune falaces,
 Tarda fenestratis figens veſtigia calceis. 85
 Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
 Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.
 Subdoluſ at tali Serpens velatuſ amictu 90
 Solvit in haſ fallax ora execrantia voceſ;
 Dormiſ nate? Etiamne tuoſ ſopor opprimit artuſ?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe, 95
 Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latiuſ quem Cæſar adorat,
 Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgenteſ animoſ, & faſtuſ frange procaceſ,
 Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit, 100
 Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia claviſ;
 Et memor Heſperix diſjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
 Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctoꝝque cruci tot corpora fixa probolæ,
 Thermodoonteſ nuper regnante puella. 105

At

At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis, 111
 Cujus gaudebant folcis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
 Quælibet hæreticis difponere retia fas est; 115
 Jamque ad confilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de ftirpe creatos,
 Grandævofque patres trabeâ, canifque verendos;
 Hos tu membratim poteris confpergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, fub imis.
 Protinus ipfe igitur quofcunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propofiti, factique mone, quifquâ mne tuorum
 Audebit fummi non juffa faceffere Papæ?
 Perculfosque metu fubito, cafuque ftupentes 125
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel fævus Iberus.
 Sæcula fic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.

Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
 Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata * revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro ;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat. 150

* forsan — resolvens.

Ipſi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequentē per
 antrum,

Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt;

Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles 155

Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor

Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit

Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:

Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite grefſu, 160

Tartareoque leves diſſentur pulvere in auras

Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,

Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ

Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros;

Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli. 165

Interea longo ſeſtens curvamine cœlos

Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,

Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,

Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.

Effē ferunt ſpatium, quā diſtat ab Afide terra 170

Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;

Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea,

Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros : 176
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros ;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ 185
 Ifidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli : 190
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195
 Nobis

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmissso alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum 201
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et fatis ante fugax stridentes induit alas, 205
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ

Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focus genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno. 226

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præfulis Eliensis.

A Dhuc madentes rore squalabant genæ,
 Et ficca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo 5
 Wintoniensis Præfulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos, 10
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis fororibus
 Te generis humani decus,

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5. 1626.

Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ

Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.

Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus

15

Ebulliebat fervidâ,

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :

Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,

Graiusque vates parcius

20

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,

Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,

Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos

25

Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream

Bilemque & irritas minas,

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

Subitoque ad iras percita ?

30

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,

Vastove nata sub Chao :

Aft

Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei 35
 Messes ubique colligit;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat;
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ; 40
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
 At iusta raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito 45
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror:
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei. 50
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum, 55
 Longéque sub pedibus deam

Vidi

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum siderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

60

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & regiam crySTALLINAM, &

Stratum smaragdis atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat

65

Oriundus humano patre

Amœnitates illius loci? mihi

Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HE U quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit

Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa
profundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum

Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni

5

Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo

Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis

Naturæ

Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo? 10
 Et se faffa fenem malè certis paffibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuftas
 Annorumque æterna fames, fqualorque fitusque
 Sidera vexabunt? an & infatiabile Tempus
 Efuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem? 15
 Heu, potuitne fuas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra muniffe nefas, & Temporis ifto
 Exemiffe malo, gyrosque dediffe perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque fono dilapfa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius icflu 20
 Stridat uterque polus, fuperaque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilifque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata facro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui cafus imitabere nati 25
 Præcipiti curru, fubitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulfis fedibus Hæmi
 Diffultabit apex, imoque allifa barathro 30
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,

In

In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella;

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35
 Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.

Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat & ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.

Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40

Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,

Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras

Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ

Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis 45

Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo

Mane vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,

Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.

Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,

Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50

Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore

Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.

Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,

Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos

Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque vo-
lutat. 55

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.

Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum, 66
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles
intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,

Monumenta

Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
 Seu sempiternus ille fiderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimûmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore fiderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto finu;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos

5

10

20

25

Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Ofiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut fit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus 35
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
 Evocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem:

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. 5
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptiùs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere

Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro, 1
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & femina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25
 Carmina sacrificus follennes pangit ad aras,
 Auræa seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi, 31
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,

Dulcia suaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt,
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 35
 Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit fibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Réptantesque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes. 55
 Nec

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60

Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut fimules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi: 70
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaue gentis
 Jura, nec infulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis exultam cupiens ditefcere mentem,
 Me procùl urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abdùctum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ 75
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.

Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu

Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia .linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant 80
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit,
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube, 90
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95
 Jupiter, excepto, donâisset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ

Victrices

Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ, 105
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse fatis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo. 120

P S A L. CXIV.

ΙΣραὴλ ὅτε παιδές, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβ
 Ἀιγύπτῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἔλω ὅσιον γένος Ἰσραὴλ.
 Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλεύων.
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπιάδῳ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὅδ' ἄρ' ἐφυφελίχθη
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῇ.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
 Ὡς κροῖ σφειγόντης εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλώῃ.
 Βαιοτέραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
 Ὅϊα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνες.
 Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐφυφελίχθη
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῇ;
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο
 Ὡς κροῖ σφειγόντης εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλώῃ;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
 Ὅϊα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνες;
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέσσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρεῖς ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσακίδαο,
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,
 Κρήνῳτ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

Philo-

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum & infontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ ποροδόμῳ, hæc subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσης με † ἔννομον, εἰδέτιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴδι κάρῳ
Ρηϊδίως ἀφέλοιό, τὸ δ' ὕψερρον αὖθι νοήσεις,
* Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλεως περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσας.

† In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγραῖθαι χεὶρὶ τῷδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδ' αὐτοφυῆς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φαύλα δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem,

S C A Z O N T E S.

Ο Μυσα gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope furas

* Μαψ αὐτῶς δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα χεὶρὶ μάλα πολλὸν ὀδυρῆ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλεως ————— Edit. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Alternat

Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum, 5
 Adestum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ 15
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum ;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat. 20
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan 25
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso

Colles

Colles benigni, mitis Evandri fedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30

Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.

Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. 35

Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :

Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum, 40
 Aduſque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

M A N-

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassii dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassii amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiam prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina
laudi

Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
honore,

Post Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci.

Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, 5
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.

Te

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tassò
 Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, 10
 Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;
 Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Offa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici, 15
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulto, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, & varia sub forte peractam 20
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum 25
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.

Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione 36
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ 45
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-
 rum, Et

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates

Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas: 55

At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit

Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;

Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;

Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60

Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta

Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ

Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici

Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65

Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,

Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,

Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,

Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70

Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu

Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus

Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos, 75

Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adfit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ, 85
 Annorumque fatur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti fat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna. 90
 Forfitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm, 95
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt) & tota mente serenûm

Ridens

Ridens purpureo suffundat lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse * comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,

Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis, 5

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam

* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo, 15
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon! 20
 Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium. 25

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30

Solvere

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque,
 Palladiásque artes, fociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, fiti morientibus herbis? 40
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit 45
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm fibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus
 aufer

Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, 51
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,

Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus 60
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo, 65
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefibæus ad ornos,
 Ad falices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas, 70
 Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat, 75
 (Et

(Et callebat avium linguas, & fidera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem 85
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti; 90
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales, 95
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;

Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105

Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam !
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit ;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes ! 120
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,

Et

Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus, 126
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque
Damon,

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe:
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos, 131
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam,
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ, 135
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina

Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura 145
 Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150
 Helleborumque, humilisque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte, 156
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
 Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite sylvæ. 160

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennûmque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque Be-
 linum,

Et

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos; 165
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni, 175
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Tre-
 antæ,

Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manus,
 Manus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver, 185
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama sylvæ,

Has

Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus, 190
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube
 pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis 195
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæfivisse sub orco, 201
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroùmque animas inter, divosque perennes, 205
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu

Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
 Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisq; fuit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia thyrsò.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM Oxoniensis Academiæ
Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo
mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Biblio-
theca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe I.

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim, 5
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ; Dum

Dum vagus Aufonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
 Infons populi, barbitóque devius
 Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pède;
 Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?
 Cum tu missus ab urbe, 15
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi 20
 Aonidum, thyasusque facer
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo 25
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
 (Si fatis noxas luimus priores,

Mollique

Mollique luxu degener otium)

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,

Almaque revocet studia sanctus,

30

Et relegatas sine fede Mufas

Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm ;

Immundasque volucres

Unguibus imminentes

Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,

35

Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ

Fide, vel oscitantiâ

Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,

Sue quis te teneat specus,

40

Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili

Callo tereris institoris insulsi,

Lætare felix, en iterum tibi

Spes nova fulget posse profundam

Fugere Lethen, vehique superam

45

In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roûsius fui

Optat-peculî, numeroque justo

Sibi

Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta 50
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
 Téque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præfidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris, 55
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. 60

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit
 Delo posthabitâ, 65
 Bifidòque Parnassî jugo:
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina 70

Authorum,

Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo 75
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceßet; 80
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro finu.
Tum livore sepulto, 85
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
Roüfio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè
respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem

spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ χέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

* Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.

Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
 Christina, Arctoï lucida stella poli,
 Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor, 5
 Exequor et populi fortia jussâ manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

* These verses were sent to Christina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I should rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

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An INDEX of the less common words occasionally explained and illustrated in the Notes.

P. R. stands for Paradise Regain'd, S. A. for Samson Agonistes, P. for the Poems, and S. for the Sonnets. The Letters I. II. &c. denote the books, poems, or sonnets; the figures 1, 2, &c. the verses.

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